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to explore the implications
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ROMANO GUARDINI • TEILHARD DE CHARDIN

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THE PSYCHOLOGICAL CONDITIONS OF HUMAN UNIFICATION

PIERRE TEILHARD DE CHARDIN

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin is a Jesuit priest who is also an internationally-known anthropologist. He has been professor of geology at the Institut Catolique, *director of the* National Geologic Survey of China, *and Director of the* Centre Nationale de la Recherche. *He has lived in China for many years and has also done field research in India, Java and Burma. His work has led him more and more into research in anthropogenesis, combining the findings both of human paleontology and physical anthropology. His Christian optimism is strengthened by his understanding of evolution. An introduction to his thought on evolution, written by Msgr. Bruno de Solages, appeared in* Cross Currents, *Summer 1951. The present essay represents, with some revisions, the text of an address given to psychiatrists in Paris, and printed in* Psyché, *December, 1948.*

IF there is any issue gradually encroaching upon our individual cares, making them a little more intricate every day, surely it is the problem of human unification. All around us, like a flood, the economic, political and psychic totalisation of the world never stops invading, and even submerging, the most humble lives.

But what causes, and exactly what is the meaning of this strange and alarming phenomenon?

For a long time, it was still possible for us to believe that the increasing aggregation of Mankind was nothing more than a superficial arrangement of the human units in the search for a more comfortable life.

But today, as a result of a better survey of Time and Space, another idea is about to dawn in our mind. Namely, we begin to realize that, under the veil of human socialization, there may be the same basic and universal force operating which, since the dawn of the world, has constantly striven towards an evergrowing organization of Matter. We must no longer think of this force as a mere spatial motion of the Earth (Galileo), but as the tightening, beyond ourselves and above our heads, of a sort of cosmic vortex, which, after generating each one of us individually, pushes further, through the building of collective units, on its steady course towards a continuous and simultaneous increase of complexity and consciousness.

THIS being admitted, three important observations have to be made in regard to our historical and biological position as men of the 20th century:

a) First of all, if it is true that the movement of social totalisation which is sweeping us along expresses a drift of cosmic magnitude, then we may be confident that it points the safest (and probably the only) way in which we can engage ourselves if we wish not only to survive, but to live abundantly (*supervive*). For is it not by following the main flow of the moving World that we can most surely hope to reach the type of plenitude whose expectation is the motivating force of Life?

b) Next, and because it is the result of a definitely planetary cause (namely, the growing compression of expanding Mankind over the closed surface of the Earth), the unifying process in which we are caught is to some extent, not only healing, but *irresistible.*

c) And yet, however forced upon us is the technico-involution of the human world on itself, it remains theoretically possible that, following a defective (and destructive) use of our liberty, we escape the transformation. For, in order to reach Oneness, Man cannot merely accept this process, but must actively cooperate with the cosmic forces which are striving towards unification: a condition which presupposes essentially that he finds *in himself* a strong incentive for unanimization. Any food requires an oven at a right temperature. Similarly, the whole pressure of the Universe will not succeed in integrating the human dust into a single body, unless Man increases accordingly his internal fervor for unification.

Hence, we may say that the bio-economic crisis of Humanity, at the present moment, if reduced to its "crux," comes to this single point: namely, how to maintain in every man a strong interest in the future of man.

Everybody, today, is concerned with the problem of the world's resources of thermal energy and food. But why is it that nobody seems to be aware of the fact that even with heaps of wheat, mountains of uranium and coal, and oceans of oil, Mankind will starve and decay unless it guards and feeds the source of its vital passion for more power and more vision? Forced from outside to become one, Man will not yield, I repeat, unless he believes passionately in the future of his evolution.

It is with the purpose of solving this urgent and critical problem of Energy that I suggest that we examine:

a) what the structure of the World around us must be,

b) and what must be our soul in our deepest recesses

in order that both of them (like two "fiancés") may meet and be caught in the field of a mutual and always increasing attraction.

In other words, let us look:

a) first for the objective,

b) and then for the subjective conditions

necessary for the preservation and the growth in Humanity of the psychical ardor which is physically indispensable for the completion of its biological development.

1.–*OBJECTIVE CONDITIONS.*

USING a somewhat figurative language, one may say that two main structural characteristics are necessary for the World to fulfill the most basic requests of human nature. First, it has to be *open*; and, second, it has to possess a *center of convergency*, at the ultimate end of its development.

Exactly what do these two expressions mean?

a) *The necessity of an open World.*

Imagine a group of miners cut off by a cave-in, and trying to regain the surface by an escape exit. We know that these men will not seriously fight their way towards the surface unless they have some indication (from a gleam of light, from a draft coming from above) that the ascent is not cut off higher up. Otherwise, they will just sit down and wait, for help–or death.

And similarly, where should Man find the courage to continue the fearful task of advancing the self-unification of Humanity, if this fine effort were to result in nothing but his running against an insurmountable wall?

Because it is of a "reflective" nature, human activity simply could not survive the definite prospect of a *total* disintegration.

Unquestionably therefore, there must be something fallacious in the widely accepted opinion, based on astronomical and biological evidence, that the future of our Species is entirely limited by the physico-chemical evolution of the Earth.

No–decidedly, no. In spite of too many appearances, the World, in order to keep moving, cannot be entirely closed in the future: otherwise Life (Life, I mean, understood in its highest, human form) would stop.

But, above our heads, it has to be in some way open: not only marginally, for a narrow escape–but centrally, for some kind of triumphant achievement.

b) *The necessity of a centered (that is to say of a personalizing) World.*

IF a molecule could feel and speak, it would refuse, would it not, to enter into a structure which did not correspond to its particular pattern: such an incorporation would "kill" it.–Similarly Man, because psychologically he is highly centered on himself, will stubbornly resist any process of aggregation unless this process indicates it can respect and increase, in each human particle, the power it possesses to unify, in an infinitesimal but incommunicable way, the World around itself.

However compressed upon itself by planetary constriction, Mankind will revolt against the progress of Socialization so long as this does not present itself as a force, I do not say of egotistic individualization, but of broader personalization.

And this particular effect cannot be obtained unless, as a result of some natural movement of self-convergency, (that is, of mutual attraction), the evolving Universe has the intrinsic requirement of "unanimizing" within a sort of universal "sympathy" the innumerable elements it forces together at the depth of itself.

If we are given a World endowed with this two-fold requirement: not only of having an "upper exit"; but also of personalizing whatever succeeds in reaching this ultimate point of emergence—we can then *accept* it.

But how can we "love" it?

Here is revealed the second and psychological (or even the psychoanalytical) aspect of the problem.

2.—*SUBJECTIVE CONDITIONS.*

IN order to appreciate a color, a scent, we must have good eyes and a good nose. Exactly in the same way, it is essential that we wake up a certain number of aspirations still half-unconscious in ourselves, if we wish to experience at its full the passion for the ultra-humanisation towards which we are impelled by the very drift of the Universe.

At this point, let us again make a comparison. In every human being, in becoming "adult", there emerges what we call the sexual sense. At first indeterminate, and even misunderstood by its subject, the inclination once born grows steadily until it becomes one of the dominating psychological forces of the full-grown individual.

Well, judging from certain symptoms, does it not seem that Mankind, taken as a whole, is actually in the process of undergoing, in its own way, a kind of "crisis of puberty"?

Most certainly, in the Man of today (because he is more aware than a century ago of the magnitude of his power over Matter) the concern is growing for what I have called "an open Universe," that is for an endless preservation of human conquests.

Most certainly, too, in modern Man, (because he has suddenly realized both the fantastic dimensions and the incredible organicity of the physical World) the attraction is more distinctly felt for a Whole and a Oneness no longer conceived or experienced as a dissolving Ocean, but as a mighty focus of unification and of completion.

On the one hand a clarified Sense of the Irreversible; and, on the other, a corrected and generalized sense of the Cosmic or of the Universal...

Observing this two-fold change in our mind, I can not help thinking that we are entering a new age, and that, as a consequence, a new field of research is just opening for all those interested in the psychological sciences.

So far (and for good reasons) the psychologists have been concerned principally with the medical task of freeing the individual patients from their hidden or buried "complexes." But now the time has come, for all of them, to attack the engineering work of exploring and tapping the mysterious zones where still lie, untouched, the most powerful energies of the human soul: the sense of the Irreversible, the cosmic sense, the sense of Earth, the human sense...

Ultimately there is no other fuel, no other blood, able to feed (and to humanize at the same time) the giant organism built up by human socializa-

tion, but a *new type of faith* in the future of the Species and in a spiritual climaxing of the World.

Under such circumstances, and of course without neglecting the material advance of technology, it is towards the increase of our internal *evolutive drive,* it is towards the clarification in ourselves of the *cosmic libido,* that we must devote henceforth the better part of our attention.

Tomorrow, a new "psycho-dynamics" will probably be of more use than our present electro–and thermo–dynamics.

LET us not forget that nowhere are the elements of a complete "evolutive energy" better recognizable and more advanced today than in a well understood Christianity: that is to say, in the flaming perception of a Universe which is neither cold, nor closed–but which irreversibly converges (Matter and Spirit altogether) on a loving and lovable Center of intense personality.

Translated by JOSEPH L. CAULFIELD

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CHRISTIAN ETHICS AND THE WELFARE STATE

V. A. DEMANT

SOCIETY is always sick, but it is not always structurally disordered. It is always sick because it is never free from division in human aims, discrepancies between central policies and personal goals; there are anglings for power and minor egoism—in short there is plain human sin. This is but to say that human society is not the Kingdom of God. But society has its own recuperative impulses and powers; there is a self-healing principle which tends to bend policies, theories and behaviour, to abate conflicts, in order to serve human existence. Therefore the state of society is not to be judged merely by looking at either forces of destruction or the forces of healing in it. We should consider the extent and rate of the two processes in comparison. Are the forces of growth or decline gaining the upper hand? A society is sound, as sound as any in a sinful world can be, when the positive social consciousness never lets the disruptive forces overpower it. And it is in decline, even with many aims of social health, when these are outrun by the forces of disintegration. In this case there is a structural disorder in addition to the dominion of sin and the counteracting impulses of social cohesion.

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So when the Christian mind seeks to assess morally a social system or an experiment like the Welfare State, it must begin by distinguishing two different, though related, Christian callings. The first and primary one is to bring men into the state of grace, where the bond between them is *caritas* or *agape*, a replica of God's disinterested love for his creatures. The second is concern that, even among sinners and in the world outside the Church, there shall be that kind of balance of rights and duties among imperfect men by which they can live their secular lives to the fulfillment of their nature, without the supernatural heroism to be expected only of the saints. Suarez said, "The concern of the State is the natural happiness of the perfect human community of which the civil legislature has the care, and the happiness of individuals as members of such a community, that they may live together peaceably and justly, and with so much rectitude as is necessary for the external peace and happiness of the community and the continued preservation of human life,"

and T. S. Eliot defines a society acceptable to Christian judgment as "a society in which the natural end of man—virtue and well-being in community—is acknowledged for all, and the supernatural end—beatitude—for those who have eyes to see it." We are concerned here with this natural justice among sinful men. But Christians will not forget, even on this plane, that the recurring injustices in all societies and the repeated efforts of mankind to overcome them, represent man's alienation from God and his Kingdom and also a continual pull exercised by the reality of that kingdom, a pull which operates in man's being even when mostly he is not aware of its source of meaning.

I am insisting that both disruptive and constructive forces are at work in human society, apart from the ministry of grace which carries the supernatural and sacrificial love of God in Christ to the faithful believer. And therefore out of love for men, the Christian mind has the task of understanding these two natural forces in society; of fostering, where it can, those that make for healing, and of overcoming the destructive ones. How then does the Welfare State, as we know it under that name, look in the light of such a concern?

The State in Biblical and Christian Thought

THE Welfare State is one kind of State, and the State is a device of mankind to which the Biblical and Christian insight has rightly taken an ambiguous attitude. It is both bad and good. Read the accounts of the institution of the Kingship in the first book of Samuel. The Lord says, as it were, it were better if you did not have to have this; nevertheless, if you must, so be it, I give it my warrant, but you will regret it. Or, Jotham's parable in the book of Judges where the only tree that will accept rulership over the other trees is the bramble—the bush which has not only its fruit but also its thorns. That is why no people is ever satisfied with its government. A State as such can be an instrument of order and justice in general; it will always be felt by some to be unjust. We may say, speaking theologically, that the State exists because of sin, and itself often becomes infected with sin. It can not operate by love, for love is directed concretely to this or that particular person in his total nature, and that is beyond the capacity of an institution; those who have envisaged a state moved by love picture a utopia that ignores the tragedy of man. On the other hand, if there were no standard of love by which the rough justice of the State can be judged and in that light always be seen as imperfect justice, then we would never escape the ideologies and tyrannies that regard their imperfect or alleged justice as responsible to no higher court.

There is another aspect of the theology of the State which it is useful to recall. It is that the State does not belong to man by creation, as do the family, the race, the local community, the division of labour—as between Adam delving and Eve spinning. Again, the State does not belong to the order of redemption, as the totalitarians believe. It belongs to the order of history; it comes in when society transcends a merely tribal togetherness and makes a unity out

of diverse peoples. Having no longer a merely tribal bond which is so close to nature, the larger society requires a central authority for its preservation from divisive forces. Therefore we may say that the State belongs to a man by divine providence at certain stages of his history, where the possibility of internal conflict is the price men pay for a wider and richer life than tribal organization allows. Its protective and preservative power in an imperfect world is thus under God—it represents the positive associative impulses of man counteracting the divisiveness of conflicting interests and wills. It stands for the link between man and God in the contradiction between man and God which Christians call sin. And the State is also liable to be captured by the sectional egoisms it exists to curb.

Theology distinguishes between the ultimate and the proximate will of God. For instance, physical health we may assume to be the ultimate will of God for man; so also the complete harmony of created wills. But for a sick or maimed human being there is his proximate will, that he should have medical help or a crutch. A crutch however is not the same as a good leg—nor is it necessarily a stage on the way to a live limb. But it represents the relative good in a defective condition. Medical treatment may or may not restore health; it aims when it is good at making itself unnecessary. The Divine will has both these forms. And what we should be asking about the Welfare State is whether the constrictions it imposes are the proximate will of God for us in our present situation—corresponding to the artificial leg which the maimed man must always use, or to the iron lung which will be discarded when health is restored.

What is a Welfare State?

WITH these preliminaries let us consider the fact of the Welfare State. What do we mean by it? It means a State which undertakes by its central government not only protection and order, but also to administer some of the requirements of the good life—especially men's physical and educational needs. As we know it in this country, it provides all its citizens with some amenities, apart from what they buy with their money wage—partly out of the common purse through taxes, and partly through insurance spending some of their incomes for them. I would point out that it is only in industrial society that the money income earned in employment was regarded as the sole valid source of livelihood. In previous ages men had many resources outside their employment and many perquisites within it besides their money wage. The Welfare State aims at a measure of security for all and at a partial re-allocation of the communal wealth. It should be noticed that this welfare provision now operates alongside of two other things—it could exist without them—which are often confused with it. One is the imposing of a comprehensive design upon society—planning and direction of activities; the second—also separable from social services—is a radical re-distribution of economic power which tends to a certain rigidity, which varies the standards of living of different sections, controls rent and prices, and enforces rationing, subsidies, and so

forth. One may validly approve or disapprove of these things, without prejudice to basic social services or to the supplementation of earned income by community benefits.

A Deepening Social Consciousness

IN order to estimate morally the fact of the Social Service State we must come to a view of how it has arrived. Here there are two influences at work, which should be distinguished. The first is an enlargement of social consciousness and conscience which, after the dislocations of the free-enterprise era, demanded that men's livelihood and some cultural benefits should not be dependent entirely upon competitive income earning. This impulse, where it was most genuine, was critical not of inequality in general, but of that particular kind of inequality which early industrialism brought about, vast concentration of economic power on the one hand, and a property-less status-less proletariat on the other. This impulse represents a positive moral attitude coming to expression in a period when the economic triumphs of the industrial age were won at the cost of colossal social dislocations, grave insecurity, and widespread hardship. We could put down this enlargement and deepening of social consciousness to a valiant attempt to atone for and remedy the particular form of human sinfulness which the economic age brought starkly to light. My own view is that the Christian mind must salute and approve of it. But this positive social impulse has often been misinterpreted. It is not a phase in social evolution by which mankind is growing out of primitive individualistic behaviour and recognizing an interdependence of which it was formerly ignorant, or which it had disregarded in the pursuit of private interests. No, it is rather that many saw, in the form which egoism took in developing industrialism, a dislocation of the natural social loyalties of previous ages. The welcome given to State responsibility was one sign that something had to take the place of the loyalties previously expressed in domestic cohesion, craft association, neighbourhood and a common religious culture. Whether State responsibility is or is not really a cure for the disintegration in these spheres, it represents a heave of the collective soul to find a substitute for them.

Welfare as Political Necessity

BUT that is only half the story. The other half tells of the Welfare State as a political device to prevent the complete disruption of an industrial society suffering from many internal disorders—disorders which no modern policy has seriously attempted to cope with. They are still with us under the Welfare State and many of them appear to be growing, so that some critics of the Welfare State imagine it to be the cause of what it does not cure. Here a commentator cannot avoid giving interpretations which still appear controversial. Let me then try to emulate Saint Paul and say: here it is I who speak, not

the Lord, and my hearers must make their own judgment. I believe that there are forces of disruption inherent in a certain stage of industrial society, at which it begins to show diminishing returns and a self-defeating principle. I believe that this industrial society of ours could get along very well with a free enterprise philosophy and practice so long as there was underneath it a strong fabric of natural community, with land to feed its population, and a faith to live by that was not confined to economic progress. In the nineteenth century these foundations, which are partly spontaneous creations and, in our western civilization, partly due to the moral and social tradition of Christendom—all these were assumed to be permanent parts of man's natural life, and to be with him always. They tended to crumble under the highly sophisticated achievement of a predominantly industrial and commercial pattern of life. Centralization of initiative and loss of individual moral responsibility, which appear to be galloping in the Welfare State, are tendencies which began in the period of free enterprise and market economy. The family deprived of its agelong functions, the withering of all incentives but those of monetary gain, the weakening of a sense of vocation in one's job—all this is old history now, and has something to do with industrialism having grown apace in a secularized society without any doctrine of the valid ends of human activity. The Welfare State cannot be blamed for these defects; it inherited them. Its sponsors and defenders may however be upbraided for imagining that State enactment can cure what is really a disorder in society, and for thereby encouraging, reluctantly perhaps, an increase in these ills.

How else could we cure Insecurity?

THE Welfare State then is a necessary but defective political device to prevent society from crumbling under the chaos of productive relations, and of an atomized citizenship which has been deprived of all lesser loyalties and vital associations. It may be the wrong cure, but if so another must be found. On my analysis, just as Hobbes' Leviathan was a conception to overcome the ravages of the Civil War, so the Welfare State is a conception to overcome the disintegration of Industrial Society. And it could not well be denied that the Welfare State has given to the mass of the population a kind of security, as a substitute for the status of which the exclusively economic bonds of the last two centuries deprived them. We may think it hastens the insecurity of society as a whole—but that is a matter for consideration elsewhere. There are other dangers. In the first influence of which I spoke, the growth of social conscience, there was a real concern to restore the majority a basis for responsible living, a measure of economic security which is indispensable for initiative and a robust social initiative, and a concern to underpin the independence of the family. This was in line with what traditional Church teaching expressed as natural justice. Every man has a natural right to existence, to status and to a responsible function in society. The right to existence has been accorded by the Welfare State in provision of some of the family's physical necessities (though not in the matter of dwellings), while so much of

our productive energy and material is given to such extravagances as civil aviation, television, and to a host of other expressions of our technical incontinence. The right to existence has been in a measure observed. But status—the condition of having roots somewhere, in a patch of earth and a community—that the Welfare State has not restored, except in the most abstract form of citizenship in an impersonal State. As to function—no modern society so far as I can see, free enterprise or socialist, has found the secret of giving to the mass of industrial workers what the original working-class movements stood for—a field of responsibility in the concrete setting of man's life—mainly in his work and his home.

In the pre-industrial age men expressed what social consciousness they had in the smaller areas of life—the family, the region, the work association, the Church. These bonds of craft, kinship, neighbourhood and creed were weakened and displaced by mainly economic relations—and the field of social responsibility then has to be narrowed and attenuated in the bare citizen-state relationship. This is too abstract a loyalty to move men. During the bombing of London anyone who could turn a hand to some sort of house building or repairs would patch up a dwelling for a neighbour without any thought of gain or prestige. The original community impulse came out on top in the crisis of war. The same men will not work all out when their occupation is part of the wages and hours contract; and when the good of the community as a whole—the only other incentive offered them—does not seem visually to them to have anything to do with the needs of their families or fellows in the concrete. I am saying that the Welfare State, intended as a basis of restored responsibility, is, in that respect, not a great success.

Moral Factors

NOW it is true that a Welfare State does become a moral State in the sense that by its allocation of resources it determines the ends of activities of its citizens, and this—what Professor Hayek has been so alarmed about—can easily become the "Road to Serfdom." But a non-moral State, existing merely for protection and order, like the liberal State of recent centuries—and a fine achievement it was—was possible only when it could count on a moral, cultural and social unity underneath it. When that foundation wears thin, then there is some inevitability about the State's assuming omnicompetent and directive functions—its claiming to know better than the people themselves what is good for them. This attitude was once attributed to parties of the right; it has now become the attitude of the left. Added to this tendency is of course the danger of the growth of a vested interest in the social administrator, a temptation to which many professional workers are liable—as the teacher to think of the young merely as the raw material of education, or the physician to consider the patient as a case, the parson to estimate his flock in terms merely of church fodder. This kind of professional bias is one which the Christian individual in his walk of life should be prepared to detect in himself and repent of.

Welfare and Christian Duty

I have tried so far to present the fact of the Welfare State in a double aspect partly as a deliberate answer to express a growing social conscience, and partly as a rather blind effort on the part of society and governments to preserve strength in an industrial situation with some serious contradictions. What then can the Christian man or woman do, accepting it as the *de facto* situation in which God has for the present set him or her?

There are two ways that Christians can take, one as possible participators in the social services, as public servants or as social service workers, and the other as Christian citizens. For the first, let us be quite clear that no organized state activity can cover and remedy all the tragedies and ills of human society. No government machine will ever be so perfect as to obviate the need for what used to be called, somewhat disparagingly, ambulance work. The need for personal help and guidance, felt by the wrecks of every human society, will always call for what has been offered by the voluntary social services, and this need will not disappear with any development of the Welfare State. Here is still a field for the living out of a Christian vocation—especially perhaps when it evokes a certain contempt from those who see salvation coming only by statutory measures. And then let no Christian man or woman think he or she has no way of expressing a love of man in the machinery of the statutory social organization itself. There is no sphere of life and work, however impersonal its machinery, in which an employee—if he has that intense concern for persons which the love of God in Christ gives him—cannot convey that personal attitude to his clients and his co-workers. Of course there will be strains—and often a feeling that one's human qualities are stifled by the equipment. Often a bewilderment as to how to find a cleft in the impersonal structure of administration, through which to minister the concern of one human being for another. But that is not a dilemma peculiar to the Welfare State; it confronts the intense personalism of Christianity as a challenge in all forms of large-scale organization. It is presented dramatically in Dorothy Sayers' *The Just Vengeance*, where the airman is in great moral bewilderment about the acceptability of his military and destructive duty before the throne of Christ. At the end of the play a number of personages appear with their offerings. The strong man offers his strength; the harlot offers her shame. The airman asks: What shall I bring? and Christ answers "You can bring the burden of perplexity, we shall meet each other in the darkest hour of all."

"The burden of perplexity"—that will confront every Christian, at times, who seeks to carry his Christian vocation into that rough and imperfect mechanism of justice which the natural man fashions by the device of legislation and administration. In one sense, wherever we are is where God wants us to be. There must be the acceptance of the situation as it is; then only can there also be protest in any constructive and healing form. Therefore, I say, there is a definite sphere of vocation for Christian workers in both voluntary and statutory social services. If it is undertaken with that mixture of acceptance and protest which the Christian has learned to live with in al-

most any human situation, he will not be crushed in his soul by the things against which he has to protest; nor will he slide into the apathy which deceives him into the attitude that all he can do in an unnatural situation is all he ought to be able to do in a more properly ordered society.

Lastly the Christian Community, in so far as it has a teaching mission for discriminating understanding of the true ends of human life and of the defects of every actual situation in relation thereto, has surely the task of interpreting the coming of the Welfare State and its dangers, in the way I have been suggesting. Christian moralists have been too liable to make an estimate of human nature from the ethos of the last two centuries, and to say that men are moved by only two impulses: either the pure self-regarding one which, in the social sphere, takes the form of gain—or else the supernatural and disinterested agape or love declared in the New Testament. But mankind has lived and survived by a great number of social motives in between these two: pride in doing a job, a sense of community, self-expression in serving one's fellows. These belong to the natural man along with the disruptive forces of bare egotism. It can then be part of the Christian's concern for the natural good of his fellows to want a social ordering which fosters these spontaneous social impulses—impulses which, though far short of love and the perfection of the saints, have led the human race over and over again to mend its own wreckage.

The Constructive Attitude

OUR large-scale, technical and largely urbanized society has become so interlocked that its self-healing powers have become much weaker than in less tight and centralized civilizations. When Christians concerned for the liberty and small scale responsibility of persons and minor associations, are alarmed at the threat to these things by the onward march of State power, they should remember that no mere resistance and protest to that power is constructive. The only constructive attitude is to attend to the cultural and community weakness of society, under the level of the State; and then to see what can be done even through State enactment, to build up strength and responsibility in the smaller areas of life. Universities in receipt of state grants show that it is not impossible for the central government to pay the piper leaving the beneficiary to call its own tune.

We are called at this time, in the words of an important Church declaration:

> to nurse ourselves back into a condition in which we can recognize social health for what it is, and learn how to enjoy it by a new obedience to its laws. The recovery of health involves not only a capacity to recognize the normal, but a readiness to prepare for it by such abnormal means as weakness imposes. It would perhaps help us to a better understanding of the significance of the apparatus of the Welfare State if we were to regard it in this light.

RELIGIOUS CONSCIENCE AND POLITICAL CONSCIENCE

JEAN LACROIX

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WE are without a doubt living in an age of the awakening of the masses to political and intellectual life. For centuries mankind has lived — rightly or wrongly — through its *élites*. The expression "promotion of labor" has multiple meanings; it *also* means that supernatural hope does not exclude terrestrial hopes, that history is a gradual humanization of mankind. In the midst of an unprecedented crisis, mankind is now taking hold of its destiny; the multiplication of the human species, the fulfillment of maturity of hitherto retarded peoples and even of continents, the accession of the proletarian masses to national and international life, the development of techniques in the field of natural science and even more so of techniques affecting human behavior and relations, are bringing about the greatest revolution of all times. This will not take place without disturbances or jolts, without error or confusion, without reaction or violence. There is no wave without spume anymore than there is transformation without boldness or impatience in some quarters and misunderstanding or opposition in others. Man is one: changes in one order cause repercussions in all. It is therefore inevitable that changes in political conscience entail disturbances in religious conscience. To foresee them — or to become aware of them — does not mean to accept them, and if it is important to recognize them it is far more so in order to avoid them as much as possible. The essential thing is that Christianity know how to adjust itself — with minimum loss — to the age in which it is living. I mean that it should avoid fluctuation between stubborn rigidity and demagogic action, that it cease to be of yesterday or of tomorrow in order to remain always present, that it steadfastly maintain both the eternal and the present reality of its testimony. Moreover, the varied temptations of the religious conscience should not all be placed on the same level. There are those which, little by little, drain it of its sap, squander its spirit, ignore its problems, or alleging to ensure its security lead it to decay and to death. Whatever tends to build a sort of Maginot Line of Catholicism, whatever tries to preserve or withdraw Christians from history, to clothe them in a would-be protective (or, to be more exact, insulating) armor, is what is most detrimental to the Church. But our true difficulties are elsewhere.

IF we are not mistaken a new species of Catholics is being born. While they are unswervingly attached to the Person of Christ and to the Church they also consider that their faith, in order to be a living faith, needs to participate in all the temporal tasks of our age. They believe that a Christian has no specific privilege in the scientific or political fields because definite solutions in those fields cannot be deduced from moral or religious principles. On this level cooperation with unbelievers is easy for them because they feel on equal terms: only intelligence and selflessness count. But if their faith is not a panacea, it is a presence within them and through them without their directly seeking it: it is not a technical solution, but an attitude in the quest for, and in the achievement of, the solution. Never, perhaps, have Christians who are so attached to the Church at the same time felt so free. This attitude, as any other, is two-sided, it has its particular merits and its intrinsic dangers. One would like to see a dynamic theology first face it, then define it in order to perfect it somehow and work out its valid orientation. An immense task is being accomplished now. It can be achieved only after surmounting all oppositions and averting many pitfalls.

The first temptation — and not the least — is that of escapism. As a reaction against the invasion of politics into the contemporary world, some already practise intimism in mistaking personalism for interior life and pretend to safeguard the essence of the religious conscience by keeping it from all contact with the world. Convinced that the decadence of the modern world ensues from its publicization and that politics is the very expression of public action, they have decided to refrain from all exterior action in order to live only within themselves and in God. Their attitude is to desert the public world for a private world, to establish small, "man-size" communities, to denounce politics as utopian as well as degrading. They are sometimes right to aim at safeguarding transcendence in all its rigor, but they do not see that, in wishing to escape time in order to discover eternity, they misinterpret the very nature of eternity. In condemning history as a whole — as happens in *Dieu Vivant* which thus takes on the mannerisms of a sect — it is primarily oneself that is condemned. Moreover, in this modern world each one of our attitudes, whether we want it so or not, has objective consequences: not to be engaged in politics or metaphysics, is in fact a form of politics or metaphysics, and a bad one. It is a serious mistake to fancy that one has validly condemned capitalism when one escapes it from above. We cannot refuse to pay the price of a temporal revolution under pretext of spiritual salvation.

Close to this, but different from it, is the temptation of integralism. The integralist is revealed by an attitude, a mentality, and even by ideas. Primarily, he is one who demands unity among Catholics in such a tone and such a manner as to make this unity impossible. In addition, his mentality is authoritarian: he is suspicious of man and is a beliver in institutions (authoritarian institutions, of course); he examines everything from the religious standpoint. But religion represents for him an administration — let us say an institution — rather than a *mystique*. The unity he demands is therefore a battle under

the orders of the hierarchy, whom he would like to see give orders in all things. Integralism consists in over-emphasizing orthodoxy or rather in identifying itself with it. Thus when a bishop gives a teaching on peace which does not agree with the opinions of the integralists, their respect for the hierarchy and their concern for unity do not prevent them from accusing him of Stalinism — from telling him or writing him so. They practise a sort of choosing among the popes, they approve of one and belittle another; they give Pius X a good grade in orthodoxy and a poor one to Leo XIII. Integralism is political and religious traditionalism; it is characterized by the elimination of conscience. And since individual conscience and personal responsibility are a particularly heavy burden in critical times, a development of integralist thought seems unavoidable in our days. There is undoubtedly no more serious danger for the Church. Integralism sterilizes all it touches: it identifies eternity with the past and retains a nostalgia for feudalism, it is that which prevents eternity from being ever-present and which makes all adjustment and assimilation impossible. Its harm lies less in what it does than in what it prevents from being done, because in condemning all that exists in the name of orthodoxy — and therefore in its own name — it intimidates some people by its criticisms, discourages others, and also induces a violent and disorderly reaction of which it takes record to reinforce its position. Alluding to those who made him suffer so much, Newman said that they build a Church within a Church . . . by making a dogma of their own views. He was not defending himself against their viewpoints but against that which he felt bound to call their schismatic spirit. The worst fault of the religious conscience today would be to take advantage of the natural unrest of minds during a revolutionary period and fall back into this withering attitude. [1]

This integralist mentality most likely explains — in part at least — a third temptation of the religious conscience, the importance of which has been well manifested in the events of the past years, namely, the predominance of technique over life, of external and social satisfactions over the spiritual. In fact, Fascism and National-Socialism came into power — with minimum opposition on the part of Christians and even with the assistance of some — because they knew how to respect — sometimes — Christian formulas, while at the same time emptying them of their substance. This historical reminder has no other aim than to uncover a permanent danger. Catholics in general are sensitized so to speak to all frontal attacks, to anything which undermines the hierarchy, the ties with Rome or even faith itself. But Catholics are not quite sensitized to a more hypocritical attack which purposes less to destroy Christianity than to pervert it, which in fact fulfills Maurras' goal of a Catholicism devoid of Christianity and which drains the spirit of its charity. In blunt terms, Catholics are often more sensitive to political satisfactions than to religious ones — as an extreme example, they would prefer to have their churches closed rather

1. One could imagine a purely theological and religious integralism — which would not be more acceptable for that reason. In fact, integralism is ordinarily connected with "right wing" mentality. The most significant case — and the saddest — in France is that of Chabeuil (Drôme) which, under cover of Catholic integralism, has become a center of denunciation.

than their schools. Did we not hear some theologians explain that what was most pernicious in Hitlerism was a *certain secularism*? Conversely, a régime has only to offer *political* support of religion for a good number of Catholics to identify it with *The Christian State* and to cast in their lot with it, without further examination. One of the causes of irreligion in France was the switch of a great number of Catholics, following Montalembert, after the 1848 Revolution and their support of the *coup d'état* of December 2nd. In anti-Communism there is for the Christian conscience of today a similar appeal — or even a stronger one. Nothing would be worse than the temptation to identify a Christian Europe with Western Europe, to establish a sort of link between the policy of the Vatican and Christian-Democrat politics, or to mobilize Catholic forces for an ideological crusade. It is for the sake of anti-Communism that yesterday many supported Hitler and Mussolini. Analogous situations are recurring today involving the same pitfalls.

ALL these attitudes, in truth, are attitudes of fear: they stem more or less from a refusal to accept history. It is not enough to say that they are deadly for the Church, but on deeper and more exact analysis they are virtually outside the Church because they no longer face the Church's problems, they no longer live her life, because — consciously or not — they no longer see anything in her but a dead formula to escape the inquiries of men and the judgment of God. On the other hand, those who seek to solve ecclesiological problems and who grope for an apostolate adapted to present realities find themselves in a totally different situation. They are of the Church; and they have chosen to bring the Church into the factory and the cross-roads, in some way to restore the Church where she is not present by re-embodying a dismembered humanity. For such men, the risk is to be driven to an overevaluation of history. And this in a twofold sense. First because, since they live in a Marxist environment, they have a tendency to identify the labor movement with the Communist movement, possible evolution with necessary evolution: it is difficult, in any action, to keep one's eyes above the horizon of one's fellow fighters. Next, through an imperceptible transition from fact to law, believing themselves justified because they are following the drive of history, more or less consciously, they condemn, on moral and religious grounds, those who resist it, and overlook the often legitimate revolt of man against history. No matter how personalism explains it, it has to maintain this minimum: that man is other, and more, than a mere element of the cosmos or a mere instant in the process of becoming. In a way, indeed, the Church is in the world; her mediation however is not of the same nature as that of history. Thus the latter could not be said to have a *convincing power* by the mere fact that on a certain plane it *overpowers us*. "Hegelianism," said Kierkegaard —and his formula also applies to Marxism — "is the identification of the Last Judgment with history; but for us Christians the Last Judgment judges history."

This temptation can take on various forms and attack the religious conscience more or less deeply. But "good conscience" is always the sign of this

failure: when a man thinks he is a better Catholic on the mere strength of his political opinions, and in his inner self denies a "right wing" man the possibility of being authentically Christian. Thus, Christianity begins to be judged on external criteria: the harm lies not in the harshness of criticisms, but in the fact that these criticisms spring from political rather than religious postulates. We have a right, and sometimes indeed a duty, to denounce the errors of our Church, but with the explicit reservation of first living her life and reforming her from within. The mentality which consists in gloating over her faults, in expecting them almost with a sort of relish as though they were natural and necessary, in detaching oneself sociologically from the Christian environment, believing oneself therefore to be in an easier position to denounce it, is already perverted. In the same way as others prefer the letter to the spirit, these oppose the spirit to the letter — and it is no less dangerous. No more than there is truth outside the community of men is there a Christian life outside the Church, and the behavior which tends to leave her or oppose her — allegedly to serve her and represent her better — lies, here again, in the realm of complacency and schism.

COLLABORATION between Christians and Communists in limited and specific fields will bear fruit, remain healthy and avoid decay, only if Communists know exactly what Christians stand for, only if the latter are conscious of lurking danger and remain entirely themselves. Among the more generous, the temptation is strong to lose themselves in order to save others. One should always remember that, if for the Christian the essential is religious, for the Communist it is political. In contact with him therefore the Christian learns to examine political problems from a rigorously political viewpoint. He gains much by this, casting aside that moralizing attitude which, in politics, is the worst fault. There is, in the habit of objectivity and submission to facts, in the very concern not to act in vain — that is, in the concern to be more efficacious — a virtue which many Catholics ought to learn again.

Marxism scours the mind. Beyond that the danger begins. In considering all things from the political viewpoint there is a risk of forgetting the specificity of the religious conscience. Christianity then tends to become a reserved enclosure within the individual, an internal and superfetatory part, which loses all contact with the rest, becomes anemic, and gradually dies. Or else in others, the religious conscience identifies itself with the political conscience and loses its specificity by sinking into a kind of immanentism: there is then a sort of transference of faith. The phenomenon is most frequent among young students of traditionalist background who enter college. In contact with more sophisticated fellow students they understand at first that until now they have been privileged and that they have committed a fault in not engaging in politics. They recognize that Christianity is the identification of the First Commandment to love God with the Second Commandment to love one's neighbor. But the factual and concrete test of love for God is love for neighbor. Thus, some progress is made of which many young people are conscious today.

And if this conversion were to come about within a Christian environment it would be not only without danger, but totally good. In present conditions it does not always take place without subsequent danger. To recognize Christ in all men is not exactly the same thing as to identify love of God with love of mankind. In the next step, the conscience loses still more of its delicacy. Persistent examination of all things from the political angle leads to the belief that spiritual demands have no value in themselves, that Communism alone provides an *objective* love for men because, alone, it transforms their economic conditions of life and puts an end to their poverty. At this point, the religious conscience has reached identification with the political conscience. With some, a Christian attitude survives for a longer or a shorter time: they shut themselves up within their schismatic good conscience, denounce the Church of today in favor of the Church of tomorrow, and elaborate a system of apologetics and even a casuistry of disobedience. Others — more lucid — declare that they do not deny their past, but that the Christian demands of their adolescence were only subconscious yearnings for a Communistic "transcendence" and that by abandoning religion they have fulfilled more completely the promise religion carried within itself. Anyhow, human hopes have destroyed or relegated Christian Hope, the horizontal transcendence of the future has replaced the vertical transcendence of eternity: true Christianity, that is, commitment to Christ, Man and God, is dead.

ONCE again, in the midst of the transformation of today and mostly of tomorrow, varied temptations are unavoidable and it is inevitable, unfortunately, that many succumb. The important thing is, in truth, not only to detect them, but also in a way to situate them — in other words to keep a sense of proportion. Much noise is made today about several "incidents," which however have nothing in common and which are blown up either to discredit the Church in France, or for political ends. Let us say so frankly. The true danger is not there. For one "left wing" scandal there are ten thousand "right wing" scandals, and the true scandal is to worry about the first while ignoring the second. These "scandals" — and particularly if they *are* scandals — are not of the same order. Integralism in its various forms is that which paralyzes the Church, which fossilizes and devitalizes her from within: it destroys her soul, and to the extent to which it can achieve it, it will make her a lifeless body. On the contrary, there are those whose faith impels them to confront the world but who do not always find adequate formulas for their action. If they submit to the Church and advance always in her and through her, if they are not content with a mere individual membership in the Church but maintain contact with the entire Christian community, if they live concretely on this Catholic theology of history which safeguards secular philosophies of history from weakness and complacency, if they can overcome their resentment against their brothers of different political opinions who often live an authentic charity but on different planes, not only are they not in danger, but they accomplish — not without risk, of course — that which under difficult circumstances the true Christian spirit requires. And if, here, we are making a max-

imum effort in lucidity to avoid increasing confusion and maintain a steady balance between the letter and the spirit, we are not – any more than others are – sheltered from errors or mere approximations. The phrase, "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's," most likely has not only the one meaning commonly attributed to it. It means also: Render unto God that which is God's and unto the world that which is the world's. Thus, together in the same battle with all our fellow fighters, carping at them as they carp at us, criticizing them as they criticize us, but always shoulder to shoulder, we are determined equally to hold God and the world, time and eternity, the letter and the spirit, terrestrial hopes and supernatural Hope.

Translated by DENISE BARBET

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POETIC JUSTICE AND ANONYMITY

RALPH HARPER

Ralph Harper is a professor of philosophy at Harvard. The Harvard University Press has published his book on existentialism. The following essay will form part of a book soon to be published in England by the Harvill Press.

ONCE upon a time most people believed in an order of justice transcending the everyday world. They believed that in spite of appearances all would come right in heaven if not on earth. The time came when this belief became a less active force in men's conscious lives, and yet the belief survived, underground as it were, in literature, where it was called poetic justice. This meant that it was a justice longed for by the poet and his hearers but no longer experienced. The more implausible this longing became, the less mankind could be persuaded even in literature of an order of justice transcending chance and history. In our time, poetic justice has left serious literature altogether. Its last refuge is the thriller.[1]

But even now the fairy story is a more trustworthy agent for poetic justice than the thriller—not because it is older or less plausible, but because it is not a product of self-consciousness. You do not have to identify a fairy story with everyday life in order to enjoy it. Everyone likes a fairy story because everyone wants things to come right in the end. And even though to tell a story is to tell some kind of untruth, one often suspects that what seems to be untruth is really a hidden truth. The fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm[2] are full of hidden truths. No one knows the author of any of these tales. Each is authorized by old, primitive longings, promises, and, we can be sure, fulfillments.[3] They represented to those who told them over and over, a world of presences evoked at the right time in fulfillment of universal needs. That this is really so, is proved by the perennial delight in them by grown-ups as well as by children. But so deep-rooted, so unconscious is this longing in the reader, that one seldom thinks of asking why he responds, even sceptically, to an account of a world he should know is implausible. Yet we need few excuses to think of fairy stories if we need none to read them. If from reading comes a delight, from thinking about them may come some enlightenment,[4] perhaps even a lightening of the burden of everyday life. day life.

POETIC justice is a sentiment, not a fact. The fact, if there is one, is an order of justice. And since we know little of any order of justice beyond the casual justice of courts and human relations, it is the sentiment of justice that we must deal with first. Poetic justice is the literary expression of a longing for justice in someone. Some human being has wanted things to

come right in the end so badly that he has put justice into a story. And so many others have wanted the same that no one can now identify the author of the tale. The author need not have believed in justice coming to him, but he must at least have been convinced that that is what he needed most. Perhaps he was defiant rather than optimistic. Perhaps longing and conviction came out of disillusionment. He knew the world is not just, but that is how he would have it be if it were possible.

The question for the reader of a fairy story is, "Can I admit that this is how I would have life be, if it were possible?" This is a necessary question because not all expressions of poetic justice do convince one. Take Nahum Tate's altering of the ending of *King Lear*; it is most unconvincing. This is not how things should have ended, with Cordelia alive, these good rewarded, those evil punished. It is not tragic because it is not real, and therefore it is not poetic justice either. For in tragedy there is often a suspicion that the worst is not completely undeserved. Poetic justice convinces only when one can believe in the deserving: good and evil must be easily recognizable. In this a fairy story—unlike *King Lear*—excels. Honesty, courage, effort, beauty, and a good heart, ought not to lose out, and they do not. Justice matches deserving. [5]

Not all fairy stories are equally enchanting. None is more so than the tale of the sleeping beauty, or little briar rose. [6] In it a beautiful princess is imprisoned in an enchanted sleep of a hundred years. She is awakened only at the end of this time when a foreign prince passes through the briar hedge surrounding the castle, past the sleeping court, and touches the sleeping princess who awakes at the touch. To those who were contemporaneous with the enchantment, the prince's coming was unexpected, but to those in the know, like the hearers of a tale, the prince had come at the only time, the right time, and in coming fulfilled a promise made long before. In coming he had brought to life the past itself as if no time at all had gone by. Few can read this without feeling the sentiment in the poetic justice, the longing for fulfillment of all that is best in life. We do ourselves injustice if we pretend that this longing is not worth knowing more about.

Grimm's collection of fairy tales is not yet one hundred and fifty years old. It is itself, therefore, a product of modern life, the life beginning after the French Revolution and extending through the nineteenth century to our century of great wars. It was appropriate that when all old values and beliefs were being discredited by revolution [7] and by the new confident bourgeois civilization, that some men should go back, surreptitiously, to the past, for help in surviving in a time when everything spiritual had disappeared but self-confidence. The brothers Grimm were right in sensing that self-confidence is not enough. The rest of the nineteenth century, its individualism in several forms, each bearing its own seed of self-destruction, proved this without the final evidence of a whole world at war. The myth-seekers were looking, beneath and away from the artificial intellectualized civilization of men and books, to the unconscious but no less delighted pre-occupation with moral antinomies and moral revolutions. There is no faltering in a fairy story, no question of

its values, the deserving or the end. For the fairy story represents permanent longings and convictions rather than history and change.

So much anyone can see easily. But what one does not usually see is that these longings and convictions relate to a world which is within our grasp, which is actually experienced. We have had the habit of putting this justice in heaven—which, being unseen, is presumed also not real—away from experience. The truth is, we respond delightedly to such a tale as that of the sleeping beauty because it is in some way familiar to us. Not only is the longing familiar, the fulfillment is also. This is because we know more of fulfillment than we realize. We know as much about fulfillment as about longing. Contrary to the usual opinion, one can say that the only reason we have and understand longing is that we have and can understand fulfillment.

We cannot long for something we do not know; we know only what is in some way already experienced. However new an experience seems to be, if it fulfills longing it is recognized as familiar as well as new. Fulfillment is in some sense a return. This is illustrated by the tale of sleeping beauty. The princess returns to life; the prince himself comes out of nowhere. And yet to the princess the prince is familiar. To the prince the princess is beyond expectation. There is this paradox in the fairy story that matches the paradox in experience. A fairy story of enchantment. Enchantment is a mixture of the familiar and the unexpected; so is the fulfillment of longing in the story. In experience we know that only something new can fill the emptiness, the frustration, the loss, and yet what we actively look forward to, in longing, is like something we have met somewhere before.

On this face of experience mankind is disposed to deceive itself by looking for obvious large-sized evidence of fulfillment, and also by not really knowing what the signs of fulfillment are. The signs and experience of fulfillment are usually small, insignificant in a world which puts quantity and material advantage before the less visible achievements of character and sensitivity. Perhaps never before has the discrepancy been so great between these two ways of valuing. Perhaps never before has mankind been so demoralized by the suppression of the second.

IT is not easy to characterize the twentieth century, not because we are in the middle of it or because we do not know all that can be said of it. The difficulty is that one is depressed by a multiplicity of evidence that all is not going well. Perhaps the most significant act of the times is the curious intermixture of success and failure. This is a century of homelessness and exile, of nervous disorder and persecution, of actual enslavement and barbaric cruelty. It is also a century of the highest advances in technology and comfort, of the profoundest social and critical sensitiveness. The greater the wisdom and the more widespread the social aspirations, the greater the disillusion with false leaders and false movements. When things go wrong, as they so often do, disillusion then matches expectation. It may not be true that more has gone wrong in this century than in any other; it is certainly true that mankind is more conscious now of its failures, just because it knows so much more surely what

it ought to be able to accomplish. For this reason the twentieth century has to be judged in terms of the opposites which make up its power. It is just as false to speak of its homelessness without speaking first of its belief in social and economic justice, as it would be to speak of its technology without speaking of the wars which absorb so much of that technology.[8] And yet it is proper that we should think first of the homelessness that is expressing itself in personal homesickness and longing for lands never seen. If fulfillment must somehow precede longing, it is nevertheless fitting that an understanding of homelessness must precede an understanding of longing and fulfillment.

One should not underestimate our acquaintance with the negative aspects of our time. People do not always wish to be reminded of them, because they have the nineteenth century illusion that if the race is not progressing it ought to be. They resent any implication that life is more complicated than we have been led to think. However much men t o d a y suppress or ignore depressing estimates of their time, they are all well-acquainted with the facts. What are these facts? There are four, three of which have appeared since the French Revolution. The most notorious of these is the totalitarian reality of slave or police states paralysing human growth and decency.[9] By this reality many millions of human beings have already, within forty years, been killed, mutilated, dispersed, and enslaved. And the rest of the world still lives under the threat of being treated in the same way. Whatever one may say of the causes of this catastrophe—and one of the causes is the legitimate aspiration[10] of the dispossessed to be treated justly, humanly—the channeling of just aspirations into police states, has so far brought only loss and fear to everyone. Against this background human figures even in the politically free countries struggle on, hampered by two m o r e immediate pressures: the continued indifference of the bourgeois mind to individuality[11] and spiritual values on the one hand, and on the other, the accelerating complexity[12] of the demands modern living makes. The fact that most of these demands are trivial does not make them less effective or less noticeable. There is so much to learn, so much to hear about, do, see, so much that changes even while one watches, that life sometimes seems like getting a mail bag full of third class matter. The effect of these three pressures is simply to make individuals feel anonymous, without a name which can live on in either memory or affection. The person who feels this anonymity in himself, feels himself ceasing to be a person. It may be suggested that one need not be recognized to be a person, that one can get along by oneself. But the experience of the great isolated figures of the nineteenth century has proven that this is not the case. At no other time has mankind given individualism and voluntary isolation so fair a trial. The bourgeois individualism in politics and economics has been no more socially successful than the rebellious isolation of artists and philosophers. Their fruit is their sequel, the present century in which isolation is more widespread, but only because isolation today is the enforced isolation of those who are denied individual liberty, the quiet and opportunity to develop their convictions.

The last century knew anonymity too, but it was the anonymity of bourgeois economic individualism which, prophetically, the rebellious artists and philosophers singled out as the flaw of modern life. But the isolated men of the

last century did not think of themselves as anonymous. Now no one is in a position to claim that he has escaped anonymity altogether. There is no longer any easy way to avoid the pressures that we have just recounted. The problem is not when will these pressures abate—probably they will not abate, but increase—but how and whether man can be affected by them and still retain his creative powers and social virtues. Isolation was the nineteenth century's answer to anonymity. Today isolation itself must be regarded as the chief symptom of the pressures on man. Today isolation and anonymity are synchronous. The resolution of the problem will have to be more positive than isolation, for isolation is now part of the problem. What this resolution is we will not know until we know more surely the problem set in terms of anonymity.

Is anonymity just another word for homelessness? No, it is not. A man who feels anonymous, lonely in a crowd, feels he is missing the distinctness from his neighbor that a name would give him. This distinctness—or distinction, when brought to flower—would matter less if there was not the question of time. With only a few years to maintain or achieve distinctness from other creatures, there is an urgent need to find one's self that all the time in the world would not know. But to find oneself is also to find one's place, to belong somewhere, to be part of some space called home.[13] Only at home, only when one is at home with some part of life, does the specter of anonymity cease to hover. And as long as pressures make anonymous units out of beings who should be persons, these men will feel homeless. The truth is they are rendered anonymous when they are driven from their homes. Anonymity is a special form of homelessness. The worst that can be said of it is that the more anonymously mankind is treated, the less man feels his homelessness. As long as home is remembered, as long as a man is homesick, he still knows what it is to be a person, even if displaced. And so long he will know the simple, if impracticable way back home. That way is the recognition by the home that matches one's own recognition of the place, the family, and the beauty of their presence together. Even without this double recognition, homeless men may at least realize that the key to the passage from anonymity to homelessness is the understanding of non-recognition.

What is it like to be not-recognized?[14] Psychologically speaking, it means that a man is not known as familiar; one has never seen him before. Morally speaking, it means that he is a stranger to others, not familiar. There are occasions when a man is not recognized by someone who has known him. We say that he has been cut, and we might say, cut from a familiar or familial relationship. To be cut is to be betrayed, to have evil done deliberately to one. There is no more embittering experience than this. On the other hand, to be recognized is, at least, to be acknowledged, to have one's presence registered. At best, it means to be taken for what one is. Whichever way one is recognized, the aspect of familiarity is the determinant. Unless a man is taken for or allowed to be familiar in some way, he is not recognized; he is then forgotten. When a man is cut, he is betrayed, and it is as if he were forgotten. No

wonder he feels anonymous and homeless. But when he is recognized, he is remembered, and is glad and grateful that someone else has remained loyal to him.

In the twentieth century there are four kinds of pressure which encourage non-recognition, homelessness, and anonymity. We have mentioned three of these already: the reality of collectivist states, bourgeois indifference, the acceleration and overwhelming complexity of modern life. Their effects are seen on both the physical and the psychological levels. Some men are actually herded from their homes to cattle cars; others feel as if they had no homes at all. But the fourth kind of pressure, which we have not mentioned, is the perennial pressure of affliction. Mankind has always suffered, often past endurance. But now suffering is less easily borne than before, for people have every right to expect to be spared suffering by the precautions and therapies of their technology. In addition, most men have no consoling belief in a heavenly justice that will make everything come r i g h t, even the most outrageous suffering. Modern values do not encourage stoicism, and modern police techniques make stoicism almost impossible.[15] Thus in the present century men are more prone to the suffering that desolates, that cuts them off from everything familiar, and are less able to bear suffering when it does come.[16]

Only one hundred years ago almost any member of the bourgeoisie could say confidently: "Others are anonymous but not I." And although he might be mistaken, from the point of view of Kierkegaard or Nietzsche, at least we can say for him that there were then many exceptional men, artists, thinkers, writers, scientists, statesmen of whom no one could have the right to use the epithet anonymous. And yet at that very time the conquest of anonymity was being advanced. By the end of the century Nietzsche was speaking openly of homelessness, for his situation was, as we can now see, a transition from the emphatic self-confidence of exceptionally sensitive men like Stendhal and Kierkegaard,[17] to the apparent abandonment which obsessed Kafka. Nietzsche was not himself homesick, however clearly he saw the possibility of homesickness for others, for he had no memory of a paradise lost. Homesickness reflects another and better time. The most contrary individualisms of the nineteenth century looked to the future rather than the past. And individualism broke apart just because it wore itself out chasing the future while it lacked a true present. The homesick man, on the other hand, looks to the past not because he does not want the future, but because he wants a true present. The past with which alone he is familiar offers itself to him as a model. Much nonsense has been written about turning the clock back, of burying oneself in days that are well gone, in ignoring what one has or should grasp for the sake of regrets and illusions. However just these fears may often be, they keep one from seeing the utility of homesickness, as a sign in man of his need for a true present.[18]

To be homesick can mean more than to want to go back to the scenes of one's childhood, or even to one's family. "Home is where the heart is,"[19] and one's heart can be almost anywhere. The lines of Burns, "My heart is in the Highlands, my heart is not here,"[20] tell us poignantly of the element of distance[21] between a man and the homeland which is elsewhere. The more anonymous life becomes, the more disquieted a man becomes, the more frequent will

homesickness fall upon him, unless he has surrendered to the many demands to depersonalize himself. Homesickness or nostalgia is an involuntary conscience, a moral conscience, positive rather than prohibitory. It reminds a person by way of giving him the experience, of the good he has known and lost.[22] Nostalgia is neither illusion nor repetition; it is a return to something we have never had. And yet the very force of it is just that in it the lost is recognized, is familiar. Through nostalgia we know not only what we hold most dear, but the quality of experiencing which we deny ourselves habitually. This is why nostalgia is a moral sentiment. It is also the moral sentiment of the present century.[23]

As long as mankind was sure of its ideals and virtues, as long as men knew where they belonged and lived as if they knew, as long as they could believe that there was an order of justice transcending their own mistakes, nostalgia was but one sentiment among many others. But when the ideals and virtues were forgotten or discredited, when the gods died and men themselves were forced into wandering and exile, then nostalgia stood out as a lighthouse to wave the way back to the homeland. Unfortunately, nostalgia is still misconceived by a remnant of shallow optimism, as sickly, illusory, unprogressive. Actually, it is the very opposite, understood by stout souls who, being homesick are yet not sickly, being realistic, have no illusions, and who, while searching for something abiding, have no use for change for change's sake.

Nostalgia should be valued for the same reason that a fairy story's poetic justice is superior to that of a thriller; it is not deliberately contrived. It is evidence given to persons who need reassurances and direction. Because it is not contrived, we can distinguish it from the more conscious longing that is the open turning away from homelessness to homesickness. Without this evidence one would be justified, as some in our time have believed they were, in waiting for justice to come to them. They have wanted but have not dared to long for fulfillment, and lacking nostalgia have wasted their time. It is not to be doubted that those who wait have been homesick too. We may guess that they too have surrendered to the habit of ignoring the implications of nostalgia. This natural sentiment lives in between waiting and longing, and appears in the midst of wretchedness and failure, to recollect to the soul its inner unity and valuation. The soul shudderingly draws itself up and offers to the depressed consciousness a psychic experience of presence. In nostalgia one smells and tastes, one responds from the darkest corners of oneself, as a renewed whole, to some reality one loves, a person or a place or even an idea. No longer is there any excuse for awaiting; nostalgia is regenerative and requires starting life all over.

This is why it is a mistake to think of homesickness as sickly or unprogressive. On the contrary, it is the soul's natural way of fighting the sickness of despair. And if one understands what is required of one, the effect of nostalgia should be a progress toward presence. But there is no denying that the way of this progress is the way of a return. The way to paradise is at the same time

a journey from paradise. This is not as pessimistic as it may sound, for to have come from a paradise is a guarantee of paradise. There are two distinct notions in the phrase "journey from paradise," a phrase suggested to me by Proust's remark that "the only true paradise is the paradise we have lost."[23] The first is the notion that life is a pilgrimage, voyage, or wandering—and the last term is certainly least desirable.[24]. The second is the idea of a return. But one can see both ideas in the phrase without being sure what direction the journey is taking. At first glance, one would suppose that he who journeys from paradise is travelling in and towards misery; and surely it would be hard to deny that misery is implied, or that the world does not provide it. A second glance gives one a chance to wonder whether a journey from paradise may not be different from a journey to misery. Can the memory of paradise help characterize the journey as well as the hardship of the journey itself? If so, is it certain that paradise cannot be regained?

In lingering homesickness just as in short intense nostalgic flashes, paradise is, as it were, regained. One feels as if he were there, except—and this is the other side of nostalgia—one knows one is not there. The gain and the loss are inextricably mixed, and the effect on the soul is to remind one that one misses and has missed chances to be and see as one should. Without nostalgia a man would have no way of telling himself what life ought to be like, for no purely rational plan or decision can include the principal character of happiness and fulfillment, namely, presence. Nostalgia makes presence, theatrically, but convincingly, for it represents the thing or person or place we care for as an oasis of presence in a desert of loss. It is this juxtaposition of the negative with the positive, this enveloping of the negative, of change, or disappearance, of our having lost touch, of our having diminished, which seems to isolate the good for us and momentarily stop time. If you say that nostalgia is not the only means of achieving presence, we should have to admit that love does this also. But love, and possibly certain artistic and contemplative experiences are defined by their sense of a presence which wells up through the surrounding, shifting, arbitrariness of consciousness and environment. We are not talking of essences, with which a man cannot be totally identified, but with presences which seem to meet him half-way. There is no question here of distance, of objectivity. That has its place, but not where justice and paradise are concerned. Anonymity, homelessness, waiting and longing are not to be satisfied except by counter currents which sweep them along. To journey from paradise, in this sense, means to journey toward the end that was the beginning. This is a return, therefore, to what has been known and loved. If one objects to this, he must first prove that there is nothing worth having known and loved, and then that it is impossible to be made happy by returning to them. Perhaps such a sceptic should also wonder whether his diagnosis of human restlessness is thorough enough to let him be satisfied with restlessness itself as the only mode of existence. For there is no alternative. The choice is between yielding completely to time and change or trying in some way to find that principle of identity and integrity and satisfaction which the restlessness itself tells us we need but do not have.[25] Platonists and Christians alike have assumed in this manner that man is meant to have unity, integrity, peace, and a true present.[26]

But none has realized that the model and the instinct is nostalgia, the sentiment of presence, which phoenix-like springs from the ashes of disquietude, sentiment of emptiness and alienation.

AT this point, if not before, some people cannot help asking, out of their restlessness, whether nostalgia can possibly be thought of as a way of life. Should one, to be blunt, be nostalgic? The answer is, one is already nostalgic if one is sensitive to one's failure to achieve the presence that signifies the reality of justice and happiness. The problem is to understand the nostalgia, not make it. And there is no doubt that true understanding is itself a way to happiness. For how can one search for presence if he does not know what to search for? And how can he know what presence is, what it feels like to be near it, unless he has been near it and has reflected enough on it to know it? The search and then the practice of presence are further steps and stories, but the understanding of the direction and the end is the necessary beginning of the ascetic journey. Asceticism need not and should not imply starvation or self-laceration; it is simply the concentration, the recollection, of all the energies of body as well as spirit, on some high task. The task nostalgia sets man again and again is the need and beauty of presence.

Presence is not a familiar philosophical term, for it is only since the first world war that it has been deliberately used by some European philosophers.[27] This is an interesting fact, because presence is the new ontological expression spontaneously put to use in response to the longing arising out of homelessness. It has always had several different but allied usages. Before all others it has meant "being."[28] It is, in fact, the concrete way of denoting being or existence. But it cannot be adequately explained only as the equivalent of being and/or existence. It suggests that some being is actively almost vibratingly related to one. And it is not much of a jump from here to the psychic presences that are known as ghosts. A presence is a being which is intimate with us.[29] Wordsworth's "presence that disturbs me" says much the same thing. But whether physical or spiritual, palpable or purely psychic, a presence is something which moves one. Perhaps we should remark that of a presence it is impossible to say whether the moving is exclusively physical or spiritual, the two are so confused.

If the presence is friendly, something in us is moved in return and we are fulfilled. Justice is done. The sleeping beauty awakes. If the presence disturbs as a source of hurt or panic, one may have to ask whether justice has not been done here too. Who knows just what he deserves? Who knows also when the final decision on one's case has been handed down? But however sceptical, however one holds oneself in suspense or is held down by circumstances, we do meet presences if we have not inured ourselves to their influence. And whether or not we are educated to appreciate their importance, we feel instinctively at the time that we are experiencing something special. Of all these experiences, that of love, with its mixture of giving and wanting, is the prototype. The more anonymous and homeless men become, the less they experience love in its full-

ness. As love recedes, only nostalgia remains to recall them before they have agreed to accept their abandonment. Such an acceptance makes men into barbarians and slaves. An understanding of homesickness is their last chance to return to the world of presence before they are lost forever in a world ruled by hate and alienation.

There is no word for "being" that has so many implications as "presence": metaphysical, moral, psychological, religious. And we expect this of a word which, in English at least, has several undertones. "The present" is temporal.[30] The present is what we never fully attain except in recollection, memory and reflection, and in longing. "A present" is a gift from elsewhere to us. A present is what a person needs who knows he is not self-sufficient, and who can respect the presence of another. "The presence" of another is the available intimacy[31] which promises to give what we need for fulfillment.[32] Wherever there is this intimacy, of the chance that one may be given what one longs for and needs, one can be sure there is a "real presence." There are unreal presences, evil, empty, deceiving. There are also the substantial presences which admit us to their intimacy in the fullness of time. It is appropriate that the Christian religion, a religion depending so much on an encounter of eternity with history, should speak of the sacramental incarnation as a real presence which the faithful aproach in prayer and expectation. Prayer is the religious equivalent of longing. Whenever longing approaches fulfillment, it is approaching a real presence, in loving as in praying.

These four undertones of presence correspond to the four implications, the metaphysical, the moral, the psychological, the religious. They define the shape of the world that nostalgia dreams of. In this world where anonymity and noise and change reign, where every day homelessness is confirmed rather than diminished, it has, paradoxically, become possible to see more clearly than ever before the life that mankind probably enjoys less than at any other time. Never before has the world wanted presence enough to make clear what it is. Can we practice it once we too know it again? That is the problem for further searching and exercising. But there is no need for searching until we begin to recognize the presence that is lost to us in our homelessness and anonymity.[33] The tale of sleeping beauty is a tale of just such a recognition.

FOR all those whose experience has led them through times of waste, alienation, and emptiness, the ideal of presence, with its principal characteristic, fullness, will seem the obvious end to seek. To those who are satisfied with what life has brought them, there is nothing for me to say. But these are few indeed. He who is empty would be filled. He who is divided from place or person would be reunited. He who has seen his efforts wasted through little fault of his own, would have his deserving recognized. For all those whose experiences have discouraged them from rejoicing in their gifts, stories of poetic justice can at least distract them from an irrational world. Nothing could be more reasonable than for effort to be rewarded, and yet nothing apparently, is less to be counted on than that the world is arranged that justice be done.

There have been times in history when men believed, in one way or another, that justice is done sooner or later. This is the heart of religious hope. It is also, more immediately, the faith in progress of the nineteenth century. But this faith was the product of a successful class rather than of humanity as a whole, and already has had to be modified after the dreadful inhumanity and injustice of the last thirty-five years. Today only those who are personally untouched by rage and grief can say without insulting the innocents and the martyrs, that the world is so arranged that justice will be done. Those whose lives were wasted by other men's inhumanity cannot be helped. Those who remain owe it to themselves to arrange the world so that such inhumanity may at least be diminished.

But to diminish injustice is still not to assure posterity of a world which will be characterized simply by its justice and a fullness of life for each person born into it. One would have to be excessively simple-minded, or a politician, to imagine such a future. For in the future as in the present, stories of poetic justice will be needed to encourage persons who cannot see in their lives the fullness they need and most deserve. In the future as well as at present, such fairy stories as that of Sleeping Beauty, will be read as a holiday from tears, from worry and suspense, as illustrations of the proper relation between deserving fulfillment. In this story of a reawakening of a lost beauty, a return to life of all that makes life worth having, men, women, and children will continue to recognize the ideal they are familiar with through longing. There is no deeper longing, and no wish more suited to the contemporary scene, than the longing to recognize and be recognized, the longing for fulfillment through recognition. And there is no more fitting presentation of this fulfillment than in the awakening of a beautiful girl by a noble young man. This is how life can be fulfilled. It is, at least, the beginning of fulfillment. From the lofty vantage of this happy recognition scene, how distant and harmless seems the viciousness of the way of the world. Wherever beauty is reawakened, the brutality and the snubs of man to man, as well as the pressures of acceleration and quantity, look so small as to appear almost comic. That men are indifferent to other men, that the world they admire or cravenly support, also is indifferent to persons, seems itself only a story to anyone who has just been recognized for the person he is.

In his encounters with other persons, other presences, man loses his frightening anonymity. And as his namelessness is repaired, so he sees the possibility of a full return, to the dimly conceived home of occasional moments of nostalgia. But a full return home opens up the greatest question of all, the question of the whereabouts of home itself. Has modern man been made so homeless, perhaps, that he cannot conceive even homelessness adequately until it has been reduced to something smaller and more comprehensible, such as anonymity? To understand that one is homeless, one must believe in home. But it is easier to be anonymous and to remember that one has a name others are not interested in. And so we think that the restoration of one's name through the recognition of some presence near one, is but the beginning of a restoration to the health that can flourish only in the atmosphere of home. Not until a man is named again, will he have the courage to believe in and

look for the home he has lost. That there is such a home and paradise no one can doubt who has encountered and been recognized by some beautiful presence.

These notes are added so that the reader can, if he wishes, explore more leisurely the implications of ideas only touched on so far, and so that he may come to realize how extensive is the contemporary reflection on these matters.

[1] The detective story, the western, the romantic story of love or adventure.

[2] First published in 1812.

[3] "The folk-tale is the primer of the picture language of the soul . . . Its world of magic is symptomatic of fevers deeply burning in the psyche: permanent presences, desires, fears."—Joseph Campbell.

[4] "The content of folk-lore is metaphysics. Our inability to see this is due to our abysmal ignorance of metaphysics and its technical terms."—Ananda Coomaraswamy.

[5] One may even deserve evil, loss as well as good, and one may be rewarded with a presence lacking caring. This is the product of an initial carelessness or base evaluation. See W. W. Jacobs' story "The Monkey's Paw," which Mr. John L. Sweeney has drawn to my attention. Poetic justice is given, not earned. And yet can we believe anyone is given it who has not earned it?

[6] Grimm's name for the tale we call in English "Sleeping Beauty," was "Dornroschen." In French it is "la belle au bois dormant." It is worth quoting Mr. Campbell's paragraph on this tale, from his book *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*: "The Lady of the House of Sleep is a familiar figure in fairy tale and myth. We have already spoken of her, under the forms of Brynhild and little Briar-rose. She is the paragon of all paragons of beauty, the reply to all desire, the bliss-bestowing goal of every hero's earthly quest. She is mother, sister, mistress, bride. Whatever in the world has lured, whatever has seemed to promise joy, has been premonitory of her existence—in the deep of sleep, if not in the cities and forests of the world. For she is the incarnation of the promise of perfection; the soul's assurance that, at the conclusion of its exile in a world of organized inadequacies, the bliss that once was known will be known again: the comforting, the nourishing, the "good" mother—young and beautiful—who was known to us and even tasted, in the remotest past. Time sealed her away, yet she is dwelling still, like one who sleeps in timelessness. at the bottom of the timeless sea.

[7] Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm were collecting the tales all through the Napoleonic wars. The first English translation, that of Edgar Taylor, was made in 1823, when folk tales and ballads had hardly survived the worldly confidence and common sense of the 18th century, when the new pressures of life in the 19th century could not be satisfied by 18th century complacency.

[8] On the mortal combat between man's technical powers and his sense of mystery, the personal and the imaginative Gabriel Marcel has had more to say than anyone else. See especially his *Being and Having*: *The Mystery of Being*, Vol. I; and *L'Homme contre l'Humain*. See also Edwin Muir's "The Decline of the Imagination," *The Listener*, May 10, 1951.

[9] See the interesting series of books on false utopias, from Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* to Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, Orwell's *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty Four*, and Virgil Gheorghiu's *The Twenty-Fifth Hour*.

[10] See the essay "Mass and Person" by J. M. Domenach and Paul Ricoeur, *Cross Currents*, Winter 1952.

[11] This was first remarked on in 1859 by John Stuart Mill with a clarity that has not been exceeded since.

[12] See Henry Adams' chapter on acceleration in history in *The Education of Henry Adams*. Adams did not foresee at the beginning of the century that this acceleration might overwhelm man's capacity to keep up with it. His attitude towards this was self-consciously detached. The best account of this complexity or "agglomeration" or "plenitude" is still Ortega's *The Revolt of the Masses*, written in 1930.

[13] Modern man is not in search of a soul, as Jung put it, but in search of his home. Or is it more correct to say that in searching for his home he finds his soul? So Augustine believed, and eventually one has to choose between him and Proust. One way to decide with Proust is to decide that there is no real alternative anyway.

[14] In his essay, "Marcel Proust," in *The Atlantic Monthly*, Oct. 1948, Professor Harry Levin makes the interesting observation that Proust's "figure in the carpet" was non-recognition or "the failure of his worldly characters to recognize the claims of human decency, the cut that the narrator meets from his best friend, Saint-Loup. This is a negative criterion, based upon values whose absence is profoundly felt, but attached to a mode of existence which expects very little to happen." Non-recognition in Proust means at this level the failure to see and be loyal to either human values or human persons. Proust's cult of friendship was one way he had of righting this balance. But non-recognition means loss as well as the "cut," and it was the loss of the past with all Proust loved and lived that his writing aimed to recover, through recognition, through prolonged nostalgia of the writer's art. Proust was the first to register the great thematic change from 19th to 20th century: from voluntary isolation to non-recognition (from "outsider" to "prisoner" as Mr. Martin Turnell has so succinctly put it). In his great work both levels of recognition are brought forth and harmonized, the moral and the

psychological, the problem of friendship and nostalgia. It should be said that his work was conceived and, in the rough, completed by 1912. Only one step beyond Proust and his understanding of the lost paradise must one go to link anonymity, longing, and homelessness specifically with recognition (fidelity) and nostalgia. Gabriel Marcel began to take this step in the early 30's in his second metaphysical journal, *Being and Having*, but he has tended to concentrate on the moral aspects of non-recognition rather than on the more subjective reality of homelessness and nostalgia.

[15] See Marcel's remark in the epilogue to his *Rome n'est plus dans Rome*, 1951, on the death of stoicism.

[16] Simone Weil has done much, in her *Waiting on God*, to clarify the difference between the two experiences which the two words "suffering" and "affliction" can be made to distinguish. For example: "In the realm of suffering, affliction is something apart, specific and irreducible. It is quite a different thing from simple suffering. It takes possession of the soul and marks it through and through with its own particular mark, the mark of slavery."

[17] And yet Kierkegaard could say, "If we lacked nothing, we should not be overcome with homesickness... This impertinent inquietude, this holy hypochondria."

[18] This view is most persuasively given by Miss Elizabeth Bowen in "The Cult of Nostalgia," *The Listener*, Aug. 9, 1951. She admits that "a very great part of the writing of our own period has served as a carrier—yes, a promoter too—of this nostalgia," and she hopes that nostalgia may now be declining. Why? Because the nostalgics do not have the vitality and youth needed to grasp "the unfamiliar, the unforeseen relation between things, the breakthrough of an unexpected light, the new experience." They find the world "less habitable than it used to be" and sacrifice the quest for "the present, the 'now', the moment" to the illusion of remembrance. And even though she understands that "our emotions, even our senses seek something stable to cling to... in some form, an abiding city," she prefers the attitude of youth, of "blind vitality," of "barbarian energy," which can "take its moments straight." If the period we are now going through is only a valley of despond between two peaks of confidence and humaneness—a view suspiciously wishful—nostalgia could then be regarded as having only a holding function. But if men continue to be cut off from both quiet and decency, then nostalgia could be a saving rather than a holding sentiment. Furthermore, Miss Bowen's easy mention of youth, as against grey middle-age, taking its moments straight, raises the Proustian question again as to how effectively men have ever been able to live in the present. The present, the now, the moment are not necessarily one and the same. It is tempting to add that the great illusion of the '20's was that men could live in the moment and be happy. No doubt there is sane truth in this illusion, but Miss Bowen has helped suppress it by not recognizing the connection between nostalgia and the present.

Miss Bowen's talk was printed in an issue of *The Listener* which included an editorial "Homesickness" in which the editorial writer sought to correct the one-sided view of Miss Bowen. He said, in part: "Nostalgia or homesickness is a deep-seated emotion in the human make-up... There is a school of thought that interprets the saga of Odysseus in psychological terms and sees in it the longing which a traveller carries in his heart to go back to his own place..." *The Odyssey* is, it is true, a story of homecoming, and certainly worth reading carefully for psychological lore. It is right to remark here that this homecoming ends with an account of the manifold recognitions almost as severe as the ordeals of the voyaging itself. Odysseus could not stop wandering even after he returned home until the oar (the symbol of his wandering) looked like something that did not connote exile, namely, the winnowing fan.

[19] Pliny's line recalls T. S. Eliot's "Home is where we start from."

[20] For we are "exiled children of Eve" (from the *Salve Regina*).

[21] This word is crucial in human life. Heidegger has spoken of man as a "Western der Ferne," a creature of distance, a being who can transcend or surpass himself. Whatever meaning one gives to transcendence, whether it be "vertical" or "horizontal" to use Father Copleston's distinction, whether it be epistemological or religious, there is also the fact of man being distanced as well as distancing. When he feels himself distant from home, persons, values, distance comes to mean alienation, and then man, instead of surpassing becomes surpassed or even superseded.

[22] Nostalgia is: "that feeling took possession of heart which is unequalled as well for sweetness as for bitterness—the feeling of lively regret for vanished youth, for once familiar happiness."—Turgenev. "It is the sound of little things that comes down out of the short past and shatters me. The sound of skates in the winter air, the whine of the northeaster, the narrow piercing cry of kingfishers over deserted meadows... Are they merely the tender trivialities of one man's recollection or are they eternal things?... They are very dear to me and I am frightened of the answer."—H. E. Bates. "The permanent essence of things, usually concealed, is set free and our true self awakes, takes on fresh life." We "cease to feel mediocre, accidental, mortal," because we have by-passed "the inexorable law which decrees that only that which is absent can be imagined." Imagination lacks "the idea of existence." It is the "idea of existence" as Proust calls it that Marcel and others have since called "presence."

[23] No one in this century was more successfully a part of the world he lived in than John Buchan. And yet he combined in himself, as he knew, the nineteenth century beliefs in individual effort and friendship together with the knowledge that he was living in a world in which these things could be foiled at a moment's notice. His autobiography is frankly nostalgic and in this is different from most autobiographies written before it. Buchan knew that the past was not inferior to the present, and that the present could not make up for the past, and he did not shrink from

expressing his nostalgia for specific times, places and people. But in this he does differ from many since who are not able to feel any nostalgia for particular scenes and persons of their own past, but whose nostalgia evokes and is evoked by the artificial scenes of literature and hasty travel. For the latter there is a nostalgic note of this kind in their reading of Buchan's more normal remark that "if paradise be a renewal of what was happy and innocent in our earthly days, mine will be some such golden afternoon within sight and sound of Tweed." Nostalgia today tends to become more spiritual and at the same time harder to fulfill. There are still two kinds of nostalgia, however, each reflecting a different stage in the strange 20th century: the longing to be somewhere else, and the longing merely to be elsewhere.

23a Nostalgia "suddenly brings us a breath of fresh air, refreshing just because we have breathed it once before—of that purer air which the poets have vainly tried to establish in paradise, whereas it could not convey that profound sensation of renewal if it had not already been breathed, for the only true paradise is that we have lost." Jacques Maritain has said that "to be written as it should be written the work of a Proust needs the inner light of a St. Augustine." This may or may not be. The parallel between them is, nevertheless, striking. Both were concerned with disquietude, memory, time; both were searching for an abiding city, the lost paradise. Proust could not believe that there is an abiding city that we have not in some measure already experienced between birth and death; he did not believe in personal inmortality. Augustine, on the contrary, did believe, and his reply to Proust's saying that the only paradise is the lost paradise, would have been, "We have no fear that there should be no place of return, merely because by our own act we fell from it: our absence does not cause our home to fall, which is Thy Eternity."

If Proust's category was non-recognition, it may be said that Augustine's was recognition. We know because we have known; we know because we are known. For what Augustine, and not Proust, had known was eternity, not just the past. And Proust could not be quieted by the knowledge that he was already known, by friends and loving relations. He was obsessed by time, by loss, by the inability of others to understand him or anyone completely. Belonging superficially only to the Christian world, he belonged profoundly to the twentieth century world in which God is dead. He wished to keep what he had, by recognizing the past in a fullness he had not realized. This involved not recognition as much as recovery, a special kind of return. Augustine too returned, but in a different dimension, through a mutual recognition of the divine and himself. There is a sense in which no recovery of the transient, however nostalgically, or artistically arranged, can yield the moral and psychological stability which the soul looks for in recognition. Proust returned only to himself; Augustine, at least as he understood it, to another land altogether to which he had access through memory. As Georges Poulet has said in his fascinating *Etudes sur le temps humain*, "In Proustian thought memory plays the same supernatural role that grace does in Christian thought." It is interesting to note that while Proust's disquietude is temporal, concerned with loss of self and others, with death, Augustine's is spatial. Augustine felt he had not found the "way." His besetting problem was "waywardness," his life a voyage to the city of God. "I wandered afar but I remembered Thee. I heard Thy voice behind me calling me to return, but I could scarcely hear it for the tumult of my unquieted passions." Both men depended much on their mothers, but Augustine far more than Proust. Augustine's dependence on his mother was less sentimental but of closer import because he always knew she was in touch with the living eternity he himself was seeking. Proust's mother had nothing but herself to give, and that was not enough to relieve his loneliness.

24 There is no older notion in Western civilization than of man as a voyager, either as a pilgrim to home or heaven or, the reverse, as a wanderer or exile. It is at the center of Homer; it is in the Greek tragic dramas; it is in Plato. It is especially Jewish and Christian. In our own time it is revived in the writings of Joyce and Kafka. Marcel has called one of his collections of essays, *Homo Viator*, and he has justified this by saying that human life is spatial and life unavoidably a voyage. It may be said that human life is also temporal, and, as Proust understood, life is unavoidably a return. These two aspects are obviously intertwined. The concept of presence itself combines both space and time, for presence makes itself felt somewhere, coming from an elsewhere, and it makes itself felt in the middle of time.

25 Restless we are blind, nostalgic and we have a chance to see. In ordinary disquietude, we do not know what is wrong, what is missing.

26 There are two texts relating to this which deserve to be placed side by side: one by Pascal, the other by Emil Brunner. The first is Pensée 172: "We do not rest satisfied with the present. We anticipate the future as too slow in coming, as if in order to hasten its course; or we recall the past, to stop its too rapid flight... For the present is generally painful to us... Let each one examine his thoughts, and he will find them all occupied with the past and the future. We scarcely ever think of the present... The present is never our end. The past and the present are our means, the future alone is our end. So we never live, but we hope to live; and, as we are always p r e p a r i n g to be happy, it is inevitable we should never be so." In his essay, "The C h r i s t i a n Sense of Time," *Cross Currents*, Fall 1950, Brunner has said, "Sinful man is a being for whom a true present is intended but who does not have it because he is always vainly occupied in past and future, but never in the present. It would be worth the trouble to analyze more exactly the psychological manifestation of this private existence of the present." One of the aims of these notes is, of course, to do just that. But it would be wrong to isolate the psychological aspect of presence from the other aspects, from the need for justice, and from nostalgia. What is needed more than anything else today is an approach to these problems which

comprehends them thematically and historically. To do this involves, unfortunately, some sacrifice of rhetorical and systematic neatness.

[27] It was first used by Father Joseph Maréchal S. J. in his *Etudes sur la Psychologie des Mystiques*, 1924, as "le sentiment de présence," which is the central fact of mystical states. It is the same sentiment of presence that makes a person aware of ghosts, psychical presences. In 1933 Marcel wrote his important essay, "On the Ontological Mystery," in which he summed up his thinking of the preceding years on the moral and metaphysical implications of presence. A year later Professor Louis Lavelle's *La Présence Totale* came out, in which without any reference to anyone else, he sketched the epistemological and metaphysical aspects of presence, in many details overlapping Marcel. It may be argued that Martin Buber's distinction of I and Thou, which Marcel has made use of for many years, and his notion of a "between" in dialogue, depend on an idea of presence. More recently Emil Brunner, in the essay mentioned above, has, without any allusion to Marcel, discussed the moral and theological aspects of presence in terms almost identical with those Marcel and Buber use. For example: "Sinful man, not present in the sense we have explained, experiences this non-presence above all in his relations with other men. In effect, he is not there for them. Sinful man is too occupied with his own past and his own future to realize truly the Thou of another. He searches for himself because he does not possess his life as present. That which morally is called the lack of charity might be called metaphysically under the aspect of existence in time—the fact of not being there for others... He who is united to Christ in faith enters into a new relation with other men... man suddenly has time for his neighbor... He is present for him, and in this presence he has himself the experience of the true present... etc."

[28] Lavelle holds that "the initial experience" is always "the experience of the presence of being," and he says that "the task of philosophical thought is to attach one-self to this essential experience." By this one can see how far away are the other contemporary notions of philosophizing, especially that which holds philosophy is puzzle solving.

[29] For Lavelle consciousness itself is "a dialogue with being." "The presence of being creates our proper intimacy with being." "The sentiment of presence is the experience of the whole." So paradoxically it is through the individual, the concrete, the simple, that the whole is taken in. "Being cannot be distinguished from universal intimacy." The language of metaphysics and epistemology borrows from the language of persons. This is the natural order, the existential order, in which a human being approaches the whole.

[30] "The present is the fundamental character of being." "Presence is concrete eternity."—Lavelle.

[31] See note 27 for Brunner's moral interpretation of presence as charity.

[32] "It is not the presence of being that we invoke but our presence to being." "Presence is not conferred on being by the *I* but on the *I* by being." "Every particular presence is mutual, but is based on the absolute presence of the whole." For Marcel too, as Lavelle in the preceding quoted sentences, presence is invoked or refused; it is when active a giving of the self, or a giving of some being to the self; it is in his language, "availability," which is a more active form of what Lavelle calls "intimacy." With the tale of sleeping beauty in mind it is interesting to read in Marcel that "a presence can only be invoked or evoked, the evocation being fundamentally and essentially magical."

[33] Lavelle seems to use Proustian terminology in his chapter headings: "La Présence Dispersé" and "La Présence Retrouvée." He is testifying to the dispersal, especially in contemporary life, of the sense of presence, through which man senses the whole. In his "meditation," "The Field Path," Heidegger has recently (1950) taken up the same theme. "The simple things enshrine the mystery of the enduring and the great." He too says that man has become distracted and lost his way, "bored by simple things." "The simple things have taken flight. Their silent power has withered away."

ISLAM, THE KORAN AND HISTORY

JEAN ABD-EL-JALIL

The Koran and Moslem Thought

THERE have been tragic events in Islam's history. At the very beginning, everything was almost lost when the Prophet died, for lack of a successor clearly designated by him. 'Omar and 'Othman, second and third caliphs, died at the hands of assassins. The Prophet's son-in-law, 'Ali, husband of Fatima and father of all the Prophet's descendants, was the fourth caliph. He came into power only in 656, twenty-four years after his father-in-law's death, though he had been for some time his only legitimate successor. He had simply been completely defrauded by the first three caliphs. But some believers accused him of having been involved in the death of his immediate predecessor. Thus he found himself obliged to wage war not only against infidels, but first of all against 'Ayesha, daughter of the first caliph and the Prophet's favorite wife.

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Having suppressed this first revolt, 'Ali found himself faced with another struggle which would decisively mark Islam's entire doctrinal and political history. This was the war with Mo'aviya, the powerful governor of Damascus who in the beginning took up arms only to avenge the death of his cousin 'Othman, the third caliph. [1]

The important thing for our study is the way this tragic contest ended. The two armies were camped at Siffin, ancient site of a Roman city, an arrow's flight from the right bank of the Euphrates. The year was 657, the 37th year of the hegira. The soldiers of both camps were believers. They were even members of the same family or close relatives. Tradition claims, undoubtedly a little too simply, that 'Ali was on the verge of subduing his foe when in Mo'awiya's camp copies of the Koran were raised on the points of his soldiers' lances.

Was this simply a diabolic trick of Amr Ibn Al-'As, Mo'awiya's general, to whom every evil deed would be gladly attributed later on by hostile his-

torians? It doesn't matter. We have here an impressive recourse to the Sacred Book of Islam, which proved decisive at one of the most tragic turning-points in the history of this religion, and which retains a general symbolic value. According to Al-Tabari, the great 10th century historian and commentator of the Koran, a similar incident had already taken place during the famous "Battle of the Camel" which ended the revolt led by Ayesha.

In any case the fact is certain for the battle at Siffin between Ali and Mo'awiya. It is of little importance now whether the Koran in question was represented by a complete copy of the Sacred Book, by the leaves of a single manuscript, or by a certain number of integral copies among which would be found the model text of Damascus. The Koran's entry into the arena was intended to symbolize the fact that believers should stop killing one another and abandon themselves to the Book of Allah.

The arbitration effected between the two parties succeeded in ousting Ali, who was later assassinated. Mo'aviya's position was consolidated. He became caliph and made this office a hereditary dignity. Ali's followers became divided into two sects, the Kharyites (who denied the result and even the legitimacy of the arbitration), and the Chi'ites (who supported, even with arms, the legitimate claims of the Prophet's descendants). These are the only two sects in Islam. Both, but above all the latter, will give rise to several sub-sects, sometimes with the strangest kind of doctrinal and political variations.

Islam's Book

IT is impossible to exaggerate the Koran's importance in the history of Moslem thought or its role in the believer's personal life, even if in practice other elements come into play. Moslems must learn by heart at least the few fragments necessary for the valid fulfillment of the required daily ritual prayer. He must know at least the *fatiha* (the first chapter) and the last chapters.[2] Every Moslem, even he who neglects the primordial obligation of daily prayer—like the rural Moroccan, who is not a "callay" (a man of prayer)—believes that all literary and religious beauty is to be found in the Koran; the *Pater*, for example. The most ignorant know how to enamel their conversation with an appeal to the Koranic text, to express their ordinary feelings, as well as the delicacies of the human soul. Neither attendance at school nor a tremendous effort of memory are necessary to do this. The memory, already well-developed, is aided by frequent public recitations made aloud. What believer has not heard, for example, the often magnificent and moving voices of blind-men reciting the Koran at the entrance to a Mosque? It is also well known that radio stations in Moslem countries broadcast it several times a day.[3] It is not surprising then that even non-practising and illiterate Moslems use a great number of Koranic texts every day to express their feelings and reactions to food and drink, as well as in formulas of sadness, condolence, gratitude, resignation or hope.

After enumerating the aspects of its influence, L. Massignon concludes that it is indeed this book which has formed Moslem "mentality." It is the

first book a child is given to read and a manual of "lessons about things"; it is the only liturgical psalmody, rule of prayer, code of canon law and book of meditation.[4] We might add, "dictionary of the poor," according to the formula in use in circles of traditional Islamic studies, at least in Morocco. P. Lammens, another student of Islam who unfortunately often succumbs to the temptation of a corrosive irony, insists on this role of the Koran in the following graceful manner: "Memorized from childhood, used as a textbook from elementary school, the Koran offers the believer the easily assimilated elements of a philosophy which is both positive and revealed. In it he finds an explanation of providential government and an evaluation of all events, so that nothing can bewilder him any longer. In presenting the Islamic community to him as the object of Allah's good favor and the heir that has been divinely chosen to receive the patrimony of infidel nations (6|165; 10|15,74; 35|37), the Koran flatters the believer's ego and sustains him in the midst of all trials. He considers it an epitome of sacred and profane history, a prayer book, a code of religious and social life, a guide to daily conduct, and finally a collection of practical definitions and maxims. The Koran's sententious style invites him to meditation, and he focuses all his attention on God's power and on His constant intervention in the government of the world."[5]

The Content of the Koran

THE Koran presents in a collected, condensed and elliptic form, fragments of the history of mankind; disconnected or self-contained events, beginning with the first day of creation. Lessons are derived from these events and are crystalized into warnings of promises. The Koran gives dim, brief glimpses into the future. It evaluates the various stages in this history of mankind, particularly the religions which preceded Islam and their adepts who were contemporaries of the Prophet.[6]

Explicit dogmatic and moral teachings, and, more often, suggestions or hints of doctrines which Islam will explain and develop later, intervene as though by accident, throughout this tumultuous vivid review of general history.

It should be noted that Moslems would not like the word "develop" very much, for the idea of a development in Islam would be a serious attack on the universal competence of the Sacred Book. All that is of importance to the Moslem religion is to be found in the Koran, the Word of God (*Kalam Allah*), revealed to men in its definitive and universal form, after the provisory and special editions which preceded it.

It is the Word of God but not in the sense in which this phrase is understood by Christians: A doctrine or law communicated by God to men through the intermediary of other men who, even though they are prophets or holy writers under the direct influence of God in perceiving and transmitting His message, retain their personality and "manner" of expressing it. Of course, in the unique case of Christ the Word of God "is the Son", the full expression of God in the mystery of the divine life as well as this "Man-Jesus", assumed by the Word, who spoke the language of the times and of the country in

which he shared man's life, and whose words, acts and examples are recorded by men especially guided by God to write inspired documents.

It is clear, then, that for the Christian there must be no confusion between revelation and inspiration. Revelation is the communication (mediate or immediate, purely interior or through exterior means) of a doctrine, message, or mission (not necessarily of a text dictated word by word) which God makes to a man. The man charged with teaching this doctrine or with carrying out this mission will do it "in his own way" according to his temperament, background, style, and personal talents; and in relation to his milieu, contemporary modes of expresson and whatever literary style happens to be his. But—and this is inspiration—in order to avoid mistakes in the execution of his mandate, he receives special aid from the Spirit of God. His message or writings are called the Word of God because their content comes from God who guarantees the authenticity of their expression. But it is not usually a question of a textual dictation which merely has to be transcribed.

Now the Moslem believes that every word, every syllable between the two covers of the book called the Koran is the textual Word of God Himself. It has been preserved as such from all eternity and written on the "well guarded stone" (al-laouh al-mahfouz) which is still referred to in the Koran as the "mother of the book or of the scripture." The Prophet's mission consists in faithfully transmitting a text interiorly perceived or dictated by the Angel of Revelation. The entire doctrinal effort then, consists in recalling the text and collecting the truths it contains. From this fact the Koran constitutes a doctrinal and literary miracle. It is absolute by inimitable (*'i'jaz*).

The structure of Islam leaves no room for a concept of "development" similar to that found in Catholicism. The deposit of revelation cannot be received in the way that the earth closing around an acorn, gives birth to a giant oak. Of course, a comparison like that is very inadequate, but it does allow a boundless perspective in the human mind's attempt to explain the "inexhaustible wealth" of this revealed deposit, schooling itself in superhuman mysteries which implore it always to surpass itself, not only in the realm of "gnosis" or "wisdom," but rather in the direction of a development and enrichment of human intelligence itself.

Indeed, Christianity considers revelation as the progressive development of a message relative to the Person of Christ, the God-Man, center of religion. Once stated, the message continues to unfold,[7] but in this sense, that the discovery and use of the wealth it contains is also done in stages—with reversals and periods of stagnation—according to the needs, efforts and aptitudes of successive human generations, and according to the action of the Holy Spirit in the Church.[8]

For Islam, a complete divine legislation and doctrine were contained in the Koran (the wholly divine book) and in the teachings and example of the Prophet, the infallible man (*Sunna*). The personal effort of research, still opposed by many, is very limited. The *'itjtihad*, this personal effort to which Al-Ghazzali (†1111) vainly tried to give a place of honor, does not go very far. It consists in finding solutions in new circumstances, not clearly foreseen in authorized sources, which will conform to principles and antecedents em-

bodied in these sources and to the doctrinal requirements of Islam. It also consists in "going beyond the ready-made opinions of the schools and ancient masters, in forming and stating an interpretation based directly on the contents of the Koran and the Sunna, of going back to the sources without concern for the traditional commentaries.

In spite of the evolution of the Koran itself—an evolution marked by what was called "repealing and repealed verses," [9] and brought about by the diversity of circumstances in which the Prophet successively found himself—official Islam accepts no possibility of change within its doctrine and its precepts. All later religious forms must be attached to the Koran and are considered as derived from its text. For the Moslem the achievements of all ages are measured by the words of the Koran, and he strives always to be in accord with them, even literally, if possible. He is truly alive and at peace only when he feels in harmony and even in direct contact with the Book. [10]

The *salafiya* who seek the modernisation of Islam by bringing it back to its origins recommend nothing more than this return to the knowledge and practices embodied in the Koran. The same principle inspires the Wahhabites, the "high tension" of the present current of Moslem renascence. It was already the teaching of Ibn Taymiya, fourteenth century polemist and orthodox theologian. It is even what was undertaken two centuries before (but from another point of view, and far from pleasing to Ibn Taymiya) by Al-Ghazzali who intended to resuscitate[11] the sciences of religion then suffocating in a barren scholasticism.

Accordingly, this is an essential attitude of Islam. We are not here concerned with a study of its historical stages or its recent manifestations but rather with capturing it at its very beginnings. Whatever may be the illusions, deviations, or insufficiencies which later trapped Moslem authors, this is the attitude we must emphasize. Otherwise we would do Islam an injustice. Critical or hypercritical modern historians, rationalist or otherwise, are so concerned with the "sources" of the doctrines they study, or so imbued with the "comparative principle", that they are often guilty of injustices, not only in research concerning Christian origins, but also in matters related to the formation of the Koranic text and its influence on the body of later Moslem doctrines. [12]

Unfolding of the Doctrine

THE Koran's literary form already contains two sharply characterised styles, perfectly discernable to the ear, even if one does not know Arabic. Certain texts—those dealing with the beginning of preaching at Mecca—flame, as it were, with prophetic fire. The hurried and breathless chapters announcing with foreboding and anguish eternal suffering and God's implacable justice are quite different from other sections dating from the second period of the Prophet's preaching at Medina. These, less poetic and less eloquent, undoubtedly repeat the warnings, promises and exhortations of the earlier surahs, but most of all they organize the nascent community and supply it with the principal elements of the multiform code it needs. [13]

Thus two tendencies can be discerned in the Prophet's doctrine, morality, psychological attitude and even in the organisation of his life: One, more mystic, the other more secular; or, more exactly, one concerned with the other world, the other more preoccupied with this world. These two tendencies do not totally replace one another, as if each were the exclusive characteristic of one period, one of Mecca and the other of Medina. One did not blot out the other, even though they were more or less apparent or marked out in terms of these two periods. If we wish to understand not only the Koran but also those currents of thought which make their appearance later, we must take into account the co-existence of these two characteristics as well as the rarity of cases in which they have been associated in the same function.

The two tendencies can be discerned and the doctrine's evolution observed, if one follows Noldeke's chronology,[14] who, without surmounting all the difficulties, offers the best approach to an investigation of its spirit.

From the very beginning they assert themselves at different times and in differing degrees, but they never exclude one another.

The first text is an appeal to the Name of the Lord who created man; subsequently the Koran likes to recall this creation, describing its stages and inviting the incredulous to meditate on this wonder, and above all to become aware of the Omnipotence of the One who, powerful enough to create, is able to bring about resurrection after death.

Worship is due to this creating, powerful and unique God; to Him alone and without any intermediary. Men should neither worship idols nor have recourse to their intercession. Neither a creature, an angel or Christ can mediate for men. Allah has no rival, no associate, no peer. Believe this and act accordingly, says the Prophet.

If you would be convinced, consider the wonders of nature and of your own soul (the miracle of your own being). Look at the seamless sky, the splendor of the stars, and that marvel of creation which is the human body; consider the wonders of the barren earth which Allah, through water, makes alive and fertile in order to produce abundant and savory fruits. Fear the final judgment. The Koran cannot find words enough to define it: it is the Hour *par excellence*, the great Day, the inevitable event, the powerful calamity, the blow, the ultimate crash, the hard day, the true day of the promise or of the encounter . . .

The Prophet finds himself obliged to invoke the Koran's intervention in defense of his mission, for he is accused of being a fool, a magician, a "poet"; he is mocked, humiliated and even persecuted. The Koran encourages him in a very moving way to endure these attacks, which are for the most part isolated, and to continue his preaching. He c u r s e s the scorners and admonishes the slanderers.

Stories about the ancient prophets and the ill-treatment they suffered from their people become more frequent. From the beginning of time, from Eblis' disobedience, the sin of Adam, the two brothers Cain and Abel, to Christ, one hears about Enoch (Idris?),[15] Noah, Abraham, Ismael, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Jethro, Moses, Saul, David, Salomon, Jonas, John the Baptist, the messenger of 'Ad and Thamould,[16] and still others, all the prophets who had received

more or less public revelations or missions. The Koran's narratives, many of which resemble the Bible's (under a condensed, elliptic form, in chiaroscuro, sometimes very suggestive) are aimed at instilling fear in the Prophet's contemporaries. They will also be a stimulus to many Moslems' meditation because of the identical lesson which runs through them like a refrain.[17] All of these "prophets" are supposed to have brought almost the same message as the one Islam's Founder preached to the Arabs. All were ill-received and sometimes mistreated by some of the people, while another group rallied to their cause. And in each case the unbelievers were terribly punished.

The Arabs, and above all, the inhabitants of Mecca, should meditate on this. The Prophet should not be asked to perform miracles, for he claims no superhuman power. He is merely a man who receives divine revelations and whose duty it is to "transmit them exactly" (*balagh*) and to be a "one who warns" (*nadhir*).

Like the other "prophets" he reminds men that they should adore only Allah. They should act according to justice and do good. They should make real within themselves the disposition to fear and remember Allah, detachment from worldly goods and even from family ties if they are contrary to Allah's will. Finally they must fulfill certain practices, similar at least in name to those of the Christians and the Jews. Prayer and almsgiving are the most important of these practices, though as yet with none of the precision of the rules which later will regulate them. The Koran already speaks of certain prohibitions, notably concerning food (Ch. XVI). But the organization of the cult and the laws forming the structure of the Moslem social and political system are far from being promulgated.

The Prophet emigrates to Medina (622) and his message enters a new phase, one which will strongly mark Islam's destiny, by organising it into a community which, more and more, has a definite end on earth, turning it into Allah's warrior in this world.

Mohammed is henceforth a chief of state and a legislator. Allah uses him to defend believers, his beloved, with words and with the sword. With these two weapons he also attacks and subdues enemies of all shades in order to establish Allah's dominion, and the earthly supremacy of his Word and of Islam, the true religion (3/19, 3/85, 5/4).

Medina's population leaves much to be desired. It contains hypocritical Moslems who are profit-makers and insincere in their devotion. There are refugees, believers who have come from Mecca, proud of being the first to follow Allah's Messenger, but poor and somewhat demanding. There are also the rather irritable "auxiliaries," Medinite believers who rallied to the Prophet and engineered his installation in Medina. Then there are the Christians who, though they give little trouble, do not adhere to the new religion. And there are, above all, the Jews who are wealthy and who deride the Prophet, going out of their way to be malicious. Besides all of this Mecca must be retaken and the tribes won over, for all must belong to Allah.

There are battles to be won, rebels to be tamed, rivals reconciled, treaties to be negotiated, sieges undertaken and victories achieved. Believers have to

be encouraged after defeat or during battle, triumphs must be celebrated and enthusiasm built up, the imprudent restrained, the guilty reprimanded, all differences settled... and all of this must be accomplished through the Word of Allah or in his name.

Everything had to be decided in this manner: social convention and the most delicate conjugal details, questions pertaining to the truth of revelations which preceded the Koran, the problems of war and peace. Even in matters concerning the Prophet's domestic life, solutions were reached on the same basis: for example, the permission to have more wives than the number tolerated for ordinary believers,[18] smoothing out dissensions which arose among the Prophet's wives, the justification of a favorite wife whom circumstances accused of infidelity, the condemnation of certain indiscreet believers who imposed themselves on the Prophet, thus disturbing his family life... All of that is as much the Word of Allah as the fiery sermons on the unity and transcendence of God, the vehement attack on idols and the stupid, vain cult of which they are made the object (*chirk*: associationism) or the hallucinatory announcements of the Judgment and the beautiful exhortation to remember Allah, to adore only Him and to do good for love of Him ('Ala houbbihi).[19]

The Prophet was destined to be very successful. Here was a fact unique in the Peninsula's history: the new religion triumphs over the division which had set one Arab tribe against another in fratricidal struggles, and brings them together under the authority of Allah and his Messenger. The anti-Islamic "barbarism" gives way—without entirely or finally disappearing—to the higher Brotherhood and tendencies towards unity which Islam teaches.

"Oh believers, fear Allah with all the perfection of the fear He deserves, and die only as Moslems. Seize Allah's cord all together[20] and do not allow yourselves to be divided. Remember Allah's goodness towards you. When you were enemies He put harmony in your hearts and through His favor you have become brothers" (Koran: 3|97-98).

But the Christians and, above all, the Jews (who are more conspicuous and more aggressive) persist in a hostile attitude against Allah's Messenger. The Koran's texts answer and fight them with a sort of passionate ardor. A serious accusation is repeated endlessly against them: they have corrupted the Scriptures entrusted to them and they say monstrous things about God. They[21] attribute a son to Allah and even a wife, and refuse to recognize Islam's Founder as the authentic Messenger of Allah, though he is "recorded" by them in the Torah and the Gospel. The Prophet does not need them. He confirms the authenticity of their prophets and of the Messiah, and is willing to recognize the truths which their falsified and altered Scriptures still contain. But he, the seal of the prophets (33|40), goes back farther than the Jews and Christians to Abraham the father of Ismael and of the Arabs, the model —"prophet" of the religion of the One God, which the Christians, after the Jews, have changed. Islam's Founder also brings the best law to the best of all communities (3|106). He is entitled to supremacy over the heads of all other communities; and he must obtain from them or impose on them by force the recognition or humble submission to the triumph and ascendancy of his message concerning the One God.

"Everything is in a clear book"

THIS expression which the Koran repeats in many forms, suggests the doctrine of divine omniscience.[22] With other forms similarly more allusive than explicit it will validate for all Moslems the idea (perhaps more emotional than rational) that everything is to be found not only in the Word of Allah but in the Arabic edition, which is the definitive one, i.e. the Koran.

Whatever may be the starting point of the Prophet's teachings or whatever their evolution, the essential idea dominating this vast encyclopedia that constitutes the Koran, is that of Allah, the One God. His omnipresence, omniscience and omnipotence are unceasingly asserted and exalted. Everything is subject to Him; nothing escapes Him. He does what He likes, and men have the right neither to understand Him nor to judge Him; "One does not ask Him the reason for what He does."[23]

There are some elements in Islam which bring it close to Judaism and Christianity. Others are considered to be the reinstatement of Arab religious traditions, purified of their pagan meaning, or an adaptation of certain teachings prevalent in the atmosphere of the Orient near Arabia: neo-Platonism, Parsism, Gnosticism. This leads non-Moslem historians to say that Islam and the Koran itself are of an eclectic nature and have absorbed many foreign elements.

Nothing could be more disturbing to the sensitivity of the Moslem writer, for whom this variety of elements must be placed under the authority of the revelation itself. God created men and djinns (mysterious beings, neither men, angels, nor demons) to worship and serve Him, and for no other purpose. Creatures turn away too easily from this duty. At different periods of men's infidelity God sends them "prophets" who remind them of the essential duty of acknowledging and adoring the One God. To this essential duty may be added prescriptions or interdictions, a more or less complete Law where God abrogates or re-establishes what He likes. The Arab Prophet, Islam's Founder, is the last messenger and he brings the last edition of the appeal to pure monotheism and of the religious Law which God imposes. He has learned everything from God, through revelations. None of the Koran can be considered as borrowed from human sources, even if some of its elements are clearly similar to those of former religions (with which the Prophet always believed himself in accord) or if it seems to reflect teachings more or less prevalent in the immediate neighborhood of the "Cradle of Islam."

The notion of borrowing is deeply repugnant to Moslem religious psychology. Even if, later, contacts with outside doctrines result in an appropriation of foreign ideas, it will never be borrowing from a source extrinsic to Allah whose Book contains everything and which possesses all that is just and good. Moslem authors, then, will strive in good faith to find in the Koran the roots or seeds of these new ideas.

Formulas insisting on the oneness of God who knows all, who can do all things, who does what He wills, are repeated at every moment: about the final judgment as well as the formation of man in his mother's womb; about the believer's faith, the unbeliever's stubbornness, and the hypocrite's double-deal-

ing; about the Moslem's good faith as well as the faith of Christians and Jews; about the Prophet's wives and their ability to get along in the house, as well as about the union of all believers in a single community and a single faith. It is this insistence which, in the beginning, principally gave rise to Islam's theological and philosophic problems. Greek thought and elements from other intellectual horizons will undoubtedly bring new treasures, more exact methods, a certain stimulus to thought, and methods of systematisation; but they are not strictly at the origin of these problems.

The entire controversy over the Essence and Attributes of God, which will immediately ensue and last for a long time, will not go beyond a famous verse in the Koran to which everyone finally returns: "Nothing resembles Him" (42|10).

The great controversy from the beginning, over predestination, remains connected to a few verses of the Koran, some of which assert the rational creature's responsibility, and therefore his freedom, others of which affirm the infinite power and absolute independence of God who guides whom He pleases on the right path and leads astray whom He pleases. He seems to want to fill hell according to his good pleasure without having to consider men's merits and having to give any account to them, while at the same time He is the Merciful One who likes to pardon. Orthodox theology does no more than bring this mixed character of Koranic doctrine to light. It will insist more, and this seems natural, on the elements relative to God's omnipotence and absolute independence.

Let us add a third example to these first two: that of Islam's mystical doctrines. The Koran has a deeper influence here than one is habitually inclined to recognize. Without a doubt, elements foreign to Islam are found in Sufism. The contribution of Christian monachism, of Indian methods or of neo-Platonic speculation, which came after the Prophet, surely contributed to Sufism's theoretical systematization and practical organization. Nevertheless, all of the essential principles are Koranic. They may well resemble Christianity, Judaism or Gnosticism, but they are derived from themes drawn from the Koran. Meditated, pondered, become conscious, they awakened in readers heretofore exclusively concerned with the letter, with pronunciation and rhythm, attentiveness to God, purity of heart, sincerity of intention, fear and love of Him who can lead them in His Path and introduce them to the Knowledge of the Invisible (*al-ghayb*).

The origin and expression of what might appear to be the most strictly neo-platonic contemplation of God, as Light radiating itself in the universe, can be found in the text of the Koran.

If Al-Ghazzali (†1111) writes an entire treatise on the famous verse dealing with light (24|35) it is neither the skill of a theoretician camouflaging things borrowed nor the pious fraud of a believer reading an absolutely foreign sense into an inert text. It is rather the awakening of a heretofore superficial conscience to the shock of a new, explicit, and profound doctrine which nourishes meditation and determines the profundity of a text believed to be sacred, divine and long inoperative.[24] It is a kind of "dynamic meditation" dear to mystics. If a foreign thought offers it a stimulus and even nourish-

ment, it does not believe itself to be adding or inventing, but discovering and making clear.[25]

IT is easier to see that the juridical, ritual, social and penal development and systematization are often derived from the letter of the Koran and always from its spirit. This is particularly true of the texts of the latter period, during which the theocratic city of Medina was being organized. We know that during the later years of the Prophet's life, the appeal to an interior attitude of fear of God and his judgments, of trust in His mercy, and of concern for doing good and bringing others to do so, gives way without being stifled, to a sometimes minute legislation as much concerned with the details of private and domestic life, the partition of inheritances and the management of personal fortune as with the art of waging war, the way to treat non-Moslems and the universal brotherhood of believers. It deals not only with the rules of worship but also with the punishments to be inflicted on criminals.

It was the easiest part of the Koran to catalogue and systematize. This of course was done, and it was necessary, but it resulted in a tendency to minimize the other current, that of the interior life, attention to God, and love of God. The "canonists" show little sympathy and sometimes even violent hostility for the men in the Moslem community who speak out to recall the prerogatives of the spirit and the essential conditions for the achievement of an integral Islam. Al-Ghazzali (†1111) does not succeed at all in the "Revival of Religious Knowledge,"[26] which he attempted after Al-Hallaj had been condemned, mutilated and burned in the first quarter of the tenth century.[27]

These two tendencies of the Koran have not been able to act together as one force in the life of the believers. In fact, the Prophet's second "manner", the one dominated by the traits of community organizer, chief of state, warrior and legislator, prevailed and put its mark on official Islam.

A renewal of religious thought has been growing up since the beginning of the twentieth century. It carries a marked interest on the one hand in a certain rationalism reborn from that of the Mou'tazilites (9th century) and from the Falasifa (Hellenistic philosophers of Islam), and on the other hand in the history of mystic Islam reclaimed as an integral, but too often neglected part of religion. In spite of the number and importance of existing works, it still seems premature to try to shed light on the real importance of such an effort.

ISLAM AND HISTORY

WE have now seen that the Moslem soul has been fashioned by the Koran and that Islam's thought remains derived from it even when it seems to be nourished from outside sources. The preceding pages have shown us how all Moslem conceptions are based on The Book and how the believer is at peace only when he believes himself in full accord with its teachings. The textual Word of God, the revelation deposited in the Sacred Book, envelops the entire message transmitted by the Prophet with the authority of God Him-

self; questions of dogma, morality, religious principles, social life, commercial legislation, domestic behavior, inheritances, discussions of doctrine, divine promises and warnings, the history of ancient peoples, of their prophets and religions, and finally of the beginnings of Islam.

In this way the Koran contains the elements of a conception of human history which more or less forcefully imposes itself on Moslem minds, dictating their value judgments of the facts they meet as well as of the events which come to their knowledge. To capture this attitude of mind which is more religious than "technical," we will not be concerned here with philosophic concepts elaborated by certain Moslem authors whose influence has been quite limited, nor with the critical or hypercritical work of modern historians more or less gleefully applying scientific methods to the general or literary history of Islam. It is not a question, therefore, of the work of Ibn Khaldoun (†1406)[28] nor of Taha Hissein's[29] essays, to name only two of the most important writers.

It will be above all a question of throwing light on the concept Moslems have of their own history, according to the Koran's teachings, with an awareness of the developments provoked in them by the aspirations of the faithful. However, the theories of certain mystics regarding a sort of invisible "core," a soul of history, will not be exposed here, even though they are derived from the Koran itself, particularly the mysterious story of Al-Khadir, who was entrusted with teaching to the masses God's hidden designs and the profound motives of the providential government of the world, even regarding strange, apparently criminal, events.[30]

Is it necessary to underline the essentially religious nature of this concept of history? For Islam, the history of humanity is the history of the religion of men, of their relations with their Creator, of their fidelity or infidelity to His Will and of the respectively fortunate or unfortunate consequences which result.

Moslems and the Past

The past includes the entire historical period preceding Islam. History is located between the promise and the judgment, the two summits which enclose time. One might say that it begins in eternity with the "covenant" (*mithaq*) contracted before their creation, by creatures "in Adam's loins," in which it is stipulated that they will acknowledge Allah alone as God.

The Koran describes this pre-temporal scene in this way: "And then, Allah brought forth their descendants from the loins of the sons of Adam and took them to witness against themselves saying, 'Am I not your Lord?' And they said, 'Yes, we acknowledge it.' This was done lest ye should say on the day of resurrection, 'Truly of this we were heedless, because uninformed.'" (7|171).

The second summit of history will be its crowning at the end of time. This pact which men are supposed to have made with God even before their creation will be used to judge them. All of history will be merely an account of the fidelity or infidelity to this solemn oath of pre-eternity. From Adam to the last man who will live on earth, the great problem will be God. Crea-

tures have only one destiny: that of recognising and proclaiming that Allah is the Only God.

In the Koran, Allah says: "I have not created the djinn and mankind save that they may worship Me" (51|56). Creatures have no function other than the service and adoration of the One Lord. Unfortunately an evil inclination unceasingly leads them far from this essential duty and they associate divinities and idols with God. Then God periodically sends them prophets, "admonishers" (*nadhir*),[31] whose primordial mission it is to remind men of their initial contract to acknowledge the One God and to associate nothing with Him in the adoration and service due and promised Him.

'O men, adore your Lord who created you and those before you; perhaps you will fear and heed Him who hath made the earth a carpet for you, and the heaven a roof, and hath caused water to come down from heaven, and by it hath brought forth fruits for your sustenance. Do not then offer rivals to God, knowing that" (2|20).

This text which the Koran puts on the Prophet's lips while preaching to the Arabs, expresses the substance of the preaching of all of the prophets who preceded him. In a discontinuous series Mohammed evokes these admonishers sent by Allah to different peoples of human history to remind them of the primordial truth of the One God; all repeat approximately the same formula: "Oh my people, adore only Allah! I reject absolutely[32] all that you associate with Him" (6|78, 11|54).

These warning prophets were misunderstood, scoffed at, mistreated and sometimes killed. Allah severely punished even then the unbelieving who also await the terrible days of the final judgment. This is the explanation for the disappearance of certain peoples and the catastrophes of history.

Besides being responsible for recalling this essential duty to their people, Allah's Messengers can receive the mission of transmitting other messages, of imposing religious laws and canonical prescriptions in the name of revelation. But these laws and prescriptions are variable and may be revoked. God can, according to His Good Pleasure, modify or abrogate them. And if they are backed up by sanctions their transgression can be easily forgiven; for "Allah does not forgive the confusion of other Gods with Himself, but He pardons anything other than this to whom He pleases" (4|51).

The Koran returns rather frequently to an account of the fate these monitors suffered at the hands of their own people and of the earthly punishments inflicted on the infidels by God until that solemn day when all people will be judged together. The Koran thus offers a resumé of history in which the same events are repeated for different peoples, with the acknowledgement of God's oneness as the central concept.

The Sacred Book's "indictment" sometimes goes into great detail: divine admonitions are then addressed to a people who, in spite of a seemingly privileged position in history, are nonetheless faithless. Such is the case of the Jews, the sons of Israel,[33] who were showered with divine favors. But these blessings are the free bestowals of God who does as He wills and whose actions are beyond question. Before the Moslem community there was no specially "chosen people" entrusted with a special mission to all the world. The

Jews, in spite of the accumulation of favors and miracles which has marked their history, have always been quick to grumble and prone to lose faith. They have drawn the powerful wrath of God down upon them and have been committed to dispersion and hate, to humiliation and disdain, while waiting for the eternal punishment.

History also records the appearance of gifted individuals. They are sometimes surprisingly gifted as in the case of "Jesus Son of Mary," "Word of Allah" and "A Spirit from Him." Miraculously conceived, through the direct and creative intervention of God in the womb of Mary, a virgin; born of this supremely "faithful" mother "chosen among all the women of the universe," he gives evidences of God's power through the many miracles which characterized his person and his mission (the raising of the dead and healings). He was "the Messiah" sent to the Jews. But they refused to recognise him. They horribly slandered him and his mother. They even "went through the motions" of having him put to death. But God raised him up unto Himself. And he who, during his temporary sojourn on earth was an unmerited gift from God, "an example," a "parable," will henceforth be a "sign of the hour." [34]

But these are all purely personal gifts. Jesus, the son of Mary, is a man and a prophet like the others. His mission was similar to that of his predecessors, even though his programme extends beyond the people to whom he was "sent" and seems destined to await the decisive hour of mankind's history, the end of time, for its full realisation.

Mohammed, also a simple messenger, is no different from his precursors. His mission runs along the same lines and his message is essentially the same as theirs. And at least at the beginning of his religious activity he was treated as they were, as he knew he would be. But he is the last of the Messengers, "the seal of the prophets" (33|40). With him the series ends, the list is sealed. And the canonical prescriptions of the Book he transmits will remain irrevocable until the end of time. He has no filial relationships with either Jews or Christians. His spiritual as well as carnal ancestor is Abraham, who, says the Koran, "was neither Jew nor Christian." The religious heritage which Mohammed claims as his, is one to which neither Jews nor Christians have been faithful, but which they nevertheless wish to monopolize to the detriment of Ismael and his descendants.

There is an important element woven into this drama of man's infidelity to God which is the basis of history. Men are supported in evil by an evil being, Satan, the angel "created from light," who refused to pay honor to Adam, the "creature of clay."

Here is the way the Koran presents the beginnings of his intervention in the history of man's infidelity:

"And when We said to the angels: 'Bow down [35] and adore Adam,' they all bowed down save Iblis (the devil), who swelling with pride refused and became one of the unbelievers. And we said: 'O Adam, dwell in the garden, thou and thy wife, and eat plentifully therefrom, as you wish; but do not touch this tree, lest ye become one of the transgressors.' But Satan made them deviate from this and caused their banishment from the place they were in.

"And then We said, 'Go down as an enemy each to the other; and there shall be for you a dwelling place on the earth and provisions for a time.'

"And Adam received certain words from his Lord; and He pardoned him for He is merciful and good. We said: 'Go down all of you from here. And when guidance shall come to you from Me, whosoever shall follow My Guidance, shall have neither fear nor grief. But whoever shall not believe and shall treat Our Signs as lies, they shall be the companions of Fire; and shall dwell therein forever.' (Koran 2|32-37. cf 7|10, 17|61, 18|51, 20|116).

We could not discuss here what Moslem authors have been able to draw from this Koranic text. It will suffice to mention their deep aversion to formulating a doctrine of "original sin" and its consequences. And here it will be sufficient to recall some of the elements of current doctrine on the action of Satan.

The privileged position of the Virgin Mary seems to be at the center of Moslem thought on this point. Mary's mother gave birth to a daughter instead of the son she seems to have desired: and according to the Koran she says: "I have brought it forth: a girl. And I entrust to Thee her and her offspring, sheltered from Satan the stoned" (3|34). Tradition credits the Prophet himself with a more explicit teaching: "Every son of Adam, newborn, is touched by Satan, except the Son of Mary and his mother." Therefore all men, except Jesus and Mary, feel—in what manner is not important—Satan's influence. According to another tradition, the Prophet even says that "Satan runs through man like his blood." The Prophet does not exclude himself from this general law to which there are only two exceptions; his gift is to have been cleansed as a young child, according to the commonly received teaching, and to have succeeded in overcoming Satan's influence by converting his personal demon to Islam.[36] This is written without the least trace of irony, as the expression of the serious creed of an impressive group of believers in Satan's action in the history of men before as well as after Islam.

Moslems and the Future

WHAT is the Moslem concept of the term of history at the end of time?

We will not attempt to explain here the eschatological doctrines of Islam. I will instead endeavour to describe how history will be fulfilled, according to Moslem teaching.

It will be the triumph of God. And those who have been faithful to His Oneness will also be triumphant but only after a sort of crushing defeat. If the Moslem is optimistic about the final achievement of history, he will be much less so about its development since the death of the Prophet.

This conception is inspired by traditions attributed to the Prophet himself. The most famous is often quoted: "Mine is the best of the centuries, then, those which will follow it, and those which will follow them . . .; and there will come a time when he who is faithful to a part of his religion will be like a man who holds a burning coal in his hand . . ." The Prophet would add that Islam would in the end be "exiled" or "foreign" as it was in its beginnings (this is an allusion to the difficult beginnings of his mission and

to his religious "exile" in the midst of his compatriots as though he were a stranger among them).

Thus Moslem history is considered as inclined towards a gradual deviation from the primitive purity of the faith. This decadence will be well marked by the appearance of men who, at the end of each century, will "renovate" or revivify them, as taught by another tradition which is also traced to the Prophet. But the decadence is inevitable; and the golden age is at the very beginning.

Towards the end of time, men will fall into a bleak impiety; and Allah will leave them to themselves. The signs of this abandonment will be manifested by things; as we see by the Ka'ba and by the texts of the Koran. Indeed it is foretold that disbelief and immorality will be such that the Ka'ba will miraculously disappear from the surface of the earth, and that the sheets of paper on which the Koran was transcribed will become white and that the texts of the Sacred Book will vanish from man's memory. Men will then think only of poetry and singing and of all of the voluptuousness and decadence they bring.

Then will appear the Mahdi, the "Well-Guided-One" of God, who will secure the triumph of good and re-establish the rights of truth. He will fight the impious and bring men back to God. He will fill the earth with justice, and the believers will then know an unheard of era of prosperity.

It is generally accepted that this Mahdi is a different person from Christ. Popular piety and eclectic theology await, as Ibn Khaldoun explained, first the Madhi, then the Anti-Christ (the *Dajjal*: liar, deceiver and seducer) and finally Jesus Son of Mary who will come down from heaven, kill the Dajjal, apply the Moslem law in all its rigor, and finally die like all other men. These three persons might even be contemporaries and, according to a prevailing opinion, Jesus will be only the subordinate of the Mahdi, who will stem from the Prophet's family through Fatima his daughter and 'Ali his son-in-law.[37]

Thus we find here a "messianic" expectancy centered on justice which is a part of the Moslem perspective of history. There is, however, this nuance, that the name Mahdi has not entered into the theological terminology of the orthodox; only Jesus is mentioned; it is he who will establish justice, either through the intermediary of one of his disciples inspired by his Spirit (he is himself the Spirit of Allah); or by returning to earth himself. The Chi'ites hold, on the contrary, the doctrine of the Mahdi, absolute master of truth and "personal" chief of Islam, to be an essential point of faith.

Moslems and the Present

MEANWHILE, what is Islam's role in the history of mankind? What is to be the Moslems' attitude between the foundation of this religion and its definite triumph?

Sole authentic witnesses of God's Oneness, the essential truth and the touchstone of salvation, Moslems must assert this truth over all the earth and compel all men to accept its sovereignty. Under the official form given it in the early centuries and continuing with the war-like attitude of the Pro-

phet who became a chief of State at Medina, Islam is conquering and even aggressive; the hostilities and resistances it has met have hardened this attitude. It therefore aims at a world-wide hegemony and tends to carry war wherever it is not master. The earth is divided into two portions: the domain of Islam and the domain of war.[38] The domain of war must be progressively absorbed by the former. As long as this task is not accomplished, idolatry (*chirk*: "associationism") remains a menace, and the duty of the holy war falls to the Moslem community in order to assure the supremacy of Allah's Word and to reserve the cult (and doubtlessly the judgment) for God alone.

It is not necessarily a question of converting all non-Moslem peoples to the religion of Islam. Islam makes a clear-cut distinction between those who have already "received a revelation" and those who have not received one. The first are called "people of the Scripture" or "the people of the Book"; they are monotheistic. Nevertheless, they have all more or less altered the divine messages which their own prophets transmitted to them, and consequently they are more or less faithful to the One God. The others, however, are polytheistic, or rather "associationists"; for they associate divinities with the true God.

Islam is offered to all. But all are not compelled to adhere to it. The associationists must, in principle, all become Moslems. The force of the sword must constrain or suppress them. To them alone applies the famous "believe or die" which with a great deal of exaggeration has been termed the motto of conquering Islam. On the other hand, the "scripturists" (Jews, Christians and all the others in whom Moslems recognise this quality) may keep their religion and their wealth, with rather humiliating restrictive conditions and above all with the duty to pay special taxes. This caused a missiologist, speaking of the momentary halt Moslem authorities put on mass conversions to Islam, to say that the law, for the "scripturists" is not "believe or die," but "live and pay."

But all, the "scripturists" included, must be subjected to Moslem sovereignty "so that Allah's Word will be the highest."

Thus, Islam believes itself the heir of God's plans for humanity. There is no prophet after Mohammed; it will no longer be a question of following a discontinuous series of warners whose only essential link to one another is that of reminding men, too easily inclined to forget him, of the One God, sole Master and Sovereign.

Henceforth, Moslems have the responsibility of manifesting the divine government for men. For the great majority of Moslems, the Sounnites or orthodox (91 per cent), this continuity of God's plans is assured by the community, the *oumma*. For the important sect of the Chi'ites (nearly 8 percent), it is the processions of the *Imames*, impeccable guides and infallible repositories of the truth, who fulfill this mission.

This action of Islam on human history does not unfold without obstacles, sufferings and even failures. If therefore Moslems have known failures, terrible humiliations such as being subjected to non-Moslem peoples, the explanation is either in their infidelity to the purity of their law, or in "the ways

of God" who tests those who believe in Him, or finally in Allah's good pleasure who does as He wills.

Moslems must make an effort to rediscover the purity of their faith, to quench their thirst at the primitive source of their strength, mainly by following the "renovator" whom the Prophet promised at the "beginning of each century": Al-Ghazzali at the beginning of the 12th century, Mohammed 'Abdou at the beginning of the 20th century. As a modern reformer says, Moslems must not be merely "geographic," that is to say simply spread over the face of the earth as Moslems; they must be convinced believers. They must therefore reform themselves: re-establish the purity and unity of the early days of Islam and, without compromising themselves, adapt to new needs.

God will then be with them for a new spirit of conquest which will submit other portions of the earth to the supremacy of the divine Word. For if, after having reached Poitiers on one side and Vienna on the other, they have fallen under the very humiliating and painful domination of, or more or less apparent and no less painful dependence on Christian peoples or Christian education, Moslems are none the less Allah's community. This is the community which possesses the textual and unaltered Word and whose law must be imposed on the entire universe.

Moreover, the test is beneficial; it is a visit from God; it is the fervent believer's lot; it has a reparatory and purifying value. Its fruits of salvation undoubtedly go to the believer himself. But he can apply them to his brothers in the faith and to the community for whom the social duty of prayer should be exercised; the believers implore the higher goods of virtue for one another. No intercession is valid without God's permission; but with this permission, the intercession is truly efficacious; a certain limited but real substitution is possible and it is a very praiseworthy work of piety.[39]

These notions which are not foreign to even the most frustrated Moslem soul, become exceptionally acute in the doctrines and religious attitude of the Chi'ites. In an awkward manner, they strangely recall the Christian teaching concerning the Redemption and the Passion.

A great student of Islam characterizes this religiosity[40] thus: "There is a 'mohamadiyan' history of Islam, which has been developing for thirteen centuries, the axis of which is the desperate postulation of a mahdi Alide,[41] the perpetually rejected and denied assertion of the supreme executive power in favor of the legitimate heirs invested on the day of the Mobahala.[42] The religious value of these cycles of disaster, from the drama of Kerbéla[43] to the recent expulsion of the last Alide dynasty from Héjaz[44] is differently defined according to the sects. The Sunnites and Kharijites, for whom a "verse from the Book of God is worth more than Mohammed and His," see in this only the irony of the divine decrees concerning an excess of devotion to one line, which He will make survive, but keep persecuted until the Judgment and the Mahdi. The Chi'ites who see in the "love professed for Mohammed's 'descendants' the sign of the predestined, the affiliation with 'the Household,' are convinced that there is a compensation between the sufferings of the chief and his descendants' faults, and that Mohammed really foresaw and accepted the cruel fate of his daughter, his grandson and of so many of his family, in ran-

som for the final bloody triumph of the Mahdi. He thus consummates the sacrifice of Abraham who barely began, by offering at Moria not Isaac, but Ismael, Mohammed's ancestor; a partial and exaggerated thesis which eliminates the Messiah, placed outside of Israel—and denies the Passion."

Finally, the Moslems add to the idea of personal and collective reform and to the almost redemptive concept of suffering, a very keen notion of divine omnipotence which dominates all the rest. In their ensemble, the introspective and mystical elements contained in the Koran are somewhat neutralised or at least inhibited by the more or less explicit Moslem conception of a divine transcendence which excludes all possibility of analogy with man; consequently, God is absolutely inaccessible to the human "grasp." He is at the same time, omniscient, omnipresent and everywhere active, to the extent that man cannot be called "creator" of anything at all, not even of his own acts. Creation is an exclusively divine act. No creature can share in such a work. To imitate it in action, in thought and in art is sacrilege: it is to yield to "associationism." Moslem thinkers thus would seriously be opposed to admitting a real causality—even "secondary"—in creatures.

Also, in spite of the great number of passages of the Koran instilling the responsibility of man, in spite of the protest and theories of certain more or less rationalizing doctrinal schools, the majority of Moslem thinkers and with them the mass of believers are clearly inclined towards an absolute predestinationism asserted by the famous traditional formula drawn from the Koran (where it does not seem to have this rigorous meaning): "God aids whom He wishes to save and He abandons whom He wishes"; or from formulas of such conciliating theologians as Al-Ghazzali: "God is the creator of good and of evil, of faithfulness and of unfaithfulness . . ."

Man, then, does not originate his acts; God initiates them in the unfolding of man's life. Occasionalism deeply marks Moslem thought in all its domains. God intervenes according to His Good Pleasure, "by spurts," in a discontinuous plot of human life. One might call the conception of history informed by such occasionalism "atomistic."

Conclusion

THE result is that man definitely has no need to search for the meaning of history. He must abandon himself to the Almighty. It is the meaning of the word "*islam*": submission, abandonment. Creation exists only to bear witness to the Oneness of God, who is eternal and unchangeable, while creation is contingent and precarious." "Everything is perishable except His Countenance," says the Koran (28|88). Islam, that is, religion, consists in acknowledging Him.

It can be seen that the meaning of history depends definitely on one's concept of God. Islam's is very lofty and very noble. But one sees also what Christianity can bring, and in what manner it is different from other religions. God is undoubtedly the Almighty. And Christians must never lose the sense of His Transcendence and of worship to Him. But they know that God invites them not only to assert His Oneness, but to open themselves to receive

His Gift in their thoughts and in their beings. This is the meaning of Christian abandonment. Consequently to bear witness to God, for Christians, does not consist in remaining "separated," and in being effaced and "perishing," but in allowing Him to build in them, and in edifying one another in the strict sense of the word, cooperating with God in a single living spiritual organism in which Christ holds the role and place of the head in the human organism. Human history coincides with the building of the "total Christ" which is destined to gather together, in a vital harmony which respects the diversity of talents and of vocations, all men and even all of God's works. After gains and setbacks, joys and sufferings, under the guidance of the Church which has received the mission of the long-awaited Christ, who has come and who remains for the building of the ultimate city, human history will gradually realize that celestial Jerusalem, where He will be all, even the very light that makes it shine, *lucerna ejus Agnus.*

Translated by LEON KING

1 The most recent work on the question appeared in Cairo in 1947 under the title *Othmân.* It was written by Taha Hussein who combines a writer's talent with psychological sagacity, a concern for historical criticism and the resources of a fertile imagination abounding in seductive hypotheses even if ultimately they must be more or less rejected. This book strikes a blow at the conservatives who have opposed him with a few judicious criticisms and some shallow mocking insinuations. See several articles in the weekly review *Ar-Risâla* (Feb.-March, 1948), and for the other side also Sahîr Al -Qala-mâouî's review-article in *Al-Kitâb* of March 1948.

2 On the Koran see a brief notice in Abd-el-Jalil, *Brève Histoire de la Littérature Arabe,* Paris, 1947, pp. 72-78; and the long introduction to the *Koran* by Régis Blachère, Paris, 1947, pp. 272: The Koran is divided into 114 chapters called "Surah," classified more or less according to their length. The shortest (which are the oldest) are at the end. The chapters are subdivided into verses called *dya.* There are between 6,211 and 6,616 verses in the Koran. See As-Souyouti, *Itqân,* Cairo, 1935, I.67. There are no good translations of the Koran. The least objectionable one is still Kasimirski's. R. Blachère is editing a new translation putting the verses in their chronological order as much as possible. The *Antologia del Corano* (translation and notes by Virginia Vacca, Florence, 1943) is very useful. In French, Mahmoud Mohtar-Katirjoglou's version (Guenther, Paris, 1935) is very moving because of his personality: he is a Turk, a believer, and a remarkable spirit. Certain reservations must be made regarding the exactness of the translation of certain texts and because of the omission of important passages. The systematic exposition following the anthology also needs some important corrections; see the excellent review-article by P. Mulla in the *Orient. Christ.,* of 1936.

3 See a recent article "La récitation coranique à Damas et à Alger" in *Annales de l'Institut d'Etudes orientales,* Algiers, Vol. VI, 1947, pp. 66-107. This article by J. Cantineau and L. Barbes, contains mainly the notation of the musical modes of Koranic recitation in the two largest Moslem cities.

4 L. Massignon, "Situation actuelle de l'Islâm," in *Revue de Paris,* July 15, 1929; *cf.* also, *Les Trois Prières d'Abraham,* II, Tours (Arrault), 1935, *passim*; and in the same work *Situation de l'Islâm,* Paris, 1939.

5 Lammens, *L'Islâm,* Beyrouth, second edition, 1941, p. 73.

6 Questions thus treated are definitely settled and classified since God Himself is supposed to have spoken on them for all eternity.

7 J. Guitton in his excellent book *Difficultés de croire,* Paris, 1948, shows (p. 18) how this characteristic of the Christian religion does little to make things easy for it, "because instead of simply offering herself (the church) in her germ, she must also justify her fruits, her flowering, and sometimes even trim the dead branches which do not separate themselves from this abundant and sumptuous flowering."

8 See Abd-el-Jalil, *Réalisme et Vie Haute,* in *Réalité,* Paris, Fall 1945.

9 Evolution marked by the annulling and the annulled verses; the annulled verses are kept in the text because they are "God's Word" and because these annulments were generally made in the Moslems' favour to "make religion easier for them": the believers must be able to recall Allah's merciful intention (see As-Souyouti, *Itqân,* Cairo, 1935, (Vol. II, p. 23). Moslem authors do not agree on the number of these verses; some reduce them to 21; others count up to 225. In the latter case th word annulment is used in a broad sense.

10 Even Moslem philosophers such as Avicenna (†1037) support their theses by the letter of the Koran; they choose "at will a certain verse of the Koran, the literal meaning of which appa-

rently would not require any exegesis, in order to fit their philosophical conclusions to them word by word, with the help of symbols and allegories." See Gardet and Anawati, *Introduction à la Théologie musulmane*, Paris, 1948, p. 321. On the following page one may note the influence exerted by the Koranic vocabulary on Moslem philosophers.

11 This is the title of his most important work.

12 The problem of sources is certainly important. But the method which automatically establishes the certainty of borrowing from the identity of vocabulary or of concepts must be discarded. The terms of the vocabulary may cover different ideas and the similarity of concepts can be the result of parallel mental processess. Other elements are necessary to prove true borrowing. It would be useful to read the opening pages of *Essai sur le lexique* by L. Massignon, Paris, 1922.

13 See M. Gaudefroy-Demombynes, *Le Monde musulman ... jusqu'aux Croisades*, Paris, 1931, pp. 106-107 from which several expressions have been borrowed.

14 Nöldeke, *Geschichte des Qorans*, revised and completed by Schwally, and later by Bergsträsser and Pretzl, Leipzig, 1909-1938. See Blachère, *Le Coran*, already mentioned in note 3.

15 On the role played by this "prophet" in the history of hermetism, see L. Massignon, *Inventaire de la Littérature hermétique arabe*, in the appendix to Festugière, *La Révélation d'Hermès Trismégiste*, Paris, 1944, pp. 384-400.

16 "Arab" peoples localised by Moslem genealogists in central Arabia. Thamoûd seems verified by an inscription of 715 before Christ.

17 This is taken up again later.

18 The insinuations that this is a sign of unhealthy senility and of bad faith must end. Social and political circumstances had a great deal to do with it; and the psychology of a religious genius is too complex for the Prophet's sincerity to be seriously questioned for such reasons.

19 "For love of Him" can be understood as the love of God; this meaning in an extended sense is accepted by the non-rationalist commentators. Az-Zamakhchari who tends towards rationalization declares that at the two places where this expression is found in the Koran (76|8 and 2|172) it is a question of giving up one's wealth in spite of the attachment this wealth inspires. Because of suspicion of the Christian resonance of love of God, Moslems have shown a preference for this explanation.

20 The cord (*habl*) image represents the Power of God, or the Tie with Him through faith or simply revelation through the Koran, a sign of the community's cohesion.

21 It is a question of "scriptuaries" and especially of Christians.

22 Koran 11|6; *cf.* 10|61, 27|75, 34|3, etc.

23 This acute sense of a separate transcendence, imminent not immanent to his work, is expressed in some texts of the Koran which govern Moslems' intellectual and practical attitudes: "God cannot be within his creature's grasp." "Sight perceives Him not, but He perceives men's sights; for He is the subtle, the aware" (Koran, 6|103), he does absolutely as he pleases (Koran 11|108; 85|16); "He shall not be questioned what He does" (Koran 21|23); and "there is naught like Him" (Koran 42|10).

24 See note 11.

25 Thus the influence of the Platonism of Moslem mystics even on Al-Ghazzâli, should not be exaggerated. One must be wary of facile connections and of no less facile identifications to which many scholars yield, even a mind as well informed as Wensinck's (in his book on *La Pensée de Ghazzâlî*, Paris, 1940). The concern for objectivity which guides Christian scholars in their expositions regarding the "platonism of the Fathers" (Father Daniélou, for example) is just as important when it is a question of the Moslems. The only difference is that the mystical writers of Islam, because of the influence a doctrine of a transcendence separated from God exercises on their minds, are both more timid and more fragile.

26 His autobiography *Al-mounqidh min ad-dalâl* has been translated into French by Barbier de Meynard (*Journal Asiatique*, 1877). A new French translation has been prepared under the direction of Abd-el-Jalil and will appear in the Arab collection of Guillaume Budé.

27 L. Massignon's latest work on *Al-Hallâj* appeared in *Dieu Vivant*, 1946, No. 4, under the title: *Une Courbe personnelle de Vie: le Cas d'Al-Hallâj, Martyr mystique de l'Islâm.*

28 On his conception of "Islam's philosophy of history" one can consult his *Prolégomènes* (trans. De Slane). It seems more exact to speak of the ensemble of this work in terms of a "social philosophy" as Taha Hussein did in his thesis of 1917 (*La Philosophie sociale d'I. Kh.*) and more recently, Gaston Bouthoul, *Ibn Khaldoun, sa philosophie sociale*, Paris, 1930.

29 A critical work relative to literary history (*Fî-Ch-chi'r al-jâhilî*, Cairo, 1927) or to religious history (*Othmân*, mentioned above, note 1)

30 This is one of the most beautiful stories of the Koran: 18|59-81. Moses' mysterious master is not named by the Koran which is content to have God call him: "One of Our Servants." A widespread belief, especially among the members of brotherhoods, even among the very cultured, accepts the idea of men of God, hidden saints (often men of a low social rank), who are the "poles" of the world; without them, the world would crumble. This mystical vision of history merits a separate study.

31 *Nadhir* (admonisher) is often attached to another term: *bachir* (messenger of good tidings, "evangelist"), sometimes under another form: *moubach'chir* (the word currently used to translate the term "missionary"). Some references to the Koran: 5|21, 2|119, 4|164 (all late texts).

32 The Arab word *"bari"* is very strong: "I am innocent of...", "I dissociate myself from...", "I have no share in..."

33 Israel occupies one of the most important places in the Koran. The indictment against the Jews is stated and restated in several places. Thus in chapter 2, from the beginning almost to verse 170, the polemic, reproaches, enumerations of divine blessings and the proclamation of his justice which curses and punishes, unfolds with a passion sometimes aflame, sometimes cooler, which in Arab leaves a very magnificent impression.

Here is a short Koranic text which will give an idea of this indictment of the Jews (4|152-162): "The people of the Book will ask thee to bring down for them a Book from heaven; but they asked Moses greater things than that, for they said, 'Show us God manifestly'; but they were seized by thunder, because of their impiety. Then after all the evidences that had been given them they took the calf (as a divinity). We pardoned them and gave Moses manifest authority. And We set up Mount Thor over them, with their oath (*mîthâq*), and We said to them: "Enter the door (of the city) prostrating"; and We said: "Do not transgress the Sabbath." And We took from them a rigid contract. And because they have broken their word, and have not believed the signs of God, and have killed the prophets, without having the right, and have said "our hearts are uncircumcised" —(no: it is God who has sealed them because of their disbelief, so that only a few among them will have faith); and because they did not believe and said a monstrous calumny of Mary, and for saying: "We have killed the Messiah, Jesus the son of Mary, the Messenger from Allah" (but they did not kill him, nor did they crucify him, but a similitude was made for them, and those who disagree on this subject are in doubt, they have no learning, and only follow opinions). They did not kill him, but God raised him up unto Himself, for God is powerful and wise. And there shall not be one of the people of the Book who will not believe in him (Jesus) before his death, and on the day of resurrection he shall be a witness (against them). And because of the iniquity of the Jews, God has forbidden them good things (agreeable food) which has been permitted them; and because they often turn from God's path, and take usury which is forbidden and for unjustly devouring the goods of others we have promised painful punishment to the wicked among them. But those of them who are strong in knowledge and those who believe in what is revealed to thee (Mohammed), and in what was revealed before thee, and who pray and give alms, and who (truly) believe in God and the Last Day, we will give a wonderful reward."

34 See the article *'Isâ* by Macdonald, in the *Encyclopédie de l'Islâm* and Abd-el-Jalil, *Problèmes de Mariologie en Islâm* (Saint-André-lez-Bruges, 1948).

35 The root SJD which gives the idea of prostration is, in Moslem language, a technical term expressing an act of worship reserved to God alone. It sometimes takes on a wider meaning in the Koran.

36 See Abd-el-Jalil, *La Vie de Marie selon le Coran et l'Islam*, in the collective work, *Maria*, in press at Beauchesne.

37 On this point the brief but solid study by L. Massignon, *L'Homme parfait en Islam* (Eranos-Jahrbuch, Zurich, 1948) collects a rich documentation and extracts the doctrinal lines.

For the Qâyim (chief corrector of wrongs), the sunnite unanimity recognised from the first the returned Messiah, no longer suffering, but victorious; or rather an invincible chief animated by the Spirit of Jesus, guided by his example, if not Jesus Himself: according to the famous hadîth of Hasan Basri and Shâfi'i, which allows these two exegeses: "No well guided chief, except Jesus." Aside from the sunnites, the Shi'ites of the second century... and the Mu'tazilites of the third century... had accepted this in substance if not in form. At the end of the third century, many sunnite traditionalists still adhered to it, and do so today... This continues the Islamic meditation on the hidâyat 'Isâ, installed by Tirmidhi, which lasted after Ibn 'Arabî; in Morocco, two centuries ago there was an entire school formed around this doctrine... now this hadîth means that Jesus (Rûh Allah) is the Master inspiring the Rule of a perfect life, and that there is the "coming of the Perfect Man" (pp. 303-304).

38 It must be recalled that the concept of a "holy war" is susceptible of figurative and mystical interpretations. It is thus that the "great holy war" identified with asceticism and renunciation is opposed to "the small holy war," that of arms and of territorial conquest, and this in the name of a tradition which goes back to the Prophet. In the same manner the *salafiya* make the holy war consist in the immediate aims of religious and temporal rebirth, the only aims presently attainable.

39 See Mulla, in *Orient. Christ.*, 1936, art. already quoted, note 2.

40 See L. Massignon, *Les Trois Prières d'Abraham*, II, p. 26.

41 Alide—descendant of Alî, the prophet's son-in-law. The notes are added to the text.

42 Mobâhala: an ordeal the Prophet proposed to the Christians of Najrân; see the study of L. Massignon, *La Mubâhala*, which appeared in the *Recueil de l'Ecole des Hautes Etudes*, 1943.

43 Kerbela is about 100 km. to the south of Bagdad and is where Al-Housayn, the Prophet's grand-son, met a violent death in 860. It is one of the chi'ites' most venerated pilgrimages; it is also called Meshhed-Husaîn (place of Housayn's martyrdom). Do not confuse this Meshhed with the other Meshhed at the north-east of Iran.

44 Through the victory of Ibn Séoud (1924-1925) who in 1926 proclaimed himself king of Héjâz.

THE LEGEND OF THE GRAND INQUISITOR

ROMANO GUARDINI

THE last and greatest of Dostoyevsky's novels, *The Brothers Karamazov*, contains the famous "Legend of the Grand Inquisitor." At first glance, it does not seem necessarily related to the rest of the book, but it occurs at such an important point that judgment must be exercised cautiously.

Romano Guardini has been perhaps the most outstanding Catholic figure in German intellectual life during the past twenty years; his essay, "Myth, and the Truth of Revelation," *appeared in* CROSS CURRENTS, *Winter 1951 (Vol. I, No. 2). The present article represents chapter 5 of his book on Dostoyevsky,* RELIGIOESE GESTALTEN IN DOSTOJEWSKIJS WERK *(Hegner Bücherei). Pantheon has just brought out a collection of his essays,* THE FAITH AND MODERN MAN.

We must also remember Dostoyevsky's very special manner of composition. What especially amazes us in the interior lives of his characters is the structure of their personality. The tendency of the West is towards sharply-established distinctions among quite specifically prescribed elements, permitting life to be concentrated on a single point; such an approach places moral activity and the historic dimension of our being somewhere else. Dostoyevsky's creations present a totally different structure. Their unity might be said to be that of a geographical unit—like a country with its plains, its mountains, its rivers and its seas. This unity seems to consist in a co-existence, but the truth is that this co-existence is only achieved thanks to something which runs through it and binds it together—an atmosphere, a vibration, a fluid. Similarly, the various elements seem to have invaded each other; for this, they had to become liquid and permeable. One naturally recalls the difference that exists, even within western art, between the style of Rembrandt and that of the Italian masters of the Renaissance; for the former the central point was "nowhere" because it was everywhere, as diffuse as light. Thus, in the interior of one of Dostoyevsky's characters, we may find thoughts, tendencies, and intimate forces, brought together in a way that would destroy the structure of a western character... Moreover, the form of his novels seems to correspond to his characters. Doubtless many of the excesses or faults in the composition of the novels are due to the hasty and all but hunted manner in which the author wrote them, but this situation simply exaggerated a pre-existing fault. It is obvious that the unity of his works is entirely different from that of a French or even a German novel.

In the same way, in the case of Dostoyevsky more than of almost any other writer, one must be extremely prudent when answering the question whether or not a particular section could be linked up with the work as a

whole; this is still another reason to consider "The Legend of the Grand Inquisitor" with particular attention.

In fact, it is definitely in the closest possible relationship with the rest of the book. The habit of considering it as a detachable section falsifies the spiritual intention of the work and destroys the artistic welding of its various parts, giving even the whole some painful appearance of demagogic special pleading. In reality "the Grand Inquisitor" can be understood only in the context of the entire novel.

The Legend

IVAN, the eldest son of a second marriage of Ivan Fyodor Pavlovitch Karamazov, returns home after his university years and finds his youngest brother, Alyosha. Amid the wreckage of the father's household a profound sympathy is born between the two brothers. At a restaurant one day the conversation falls on their respective philosophies, and Ivan explains to his brother his pessimistic and anarchistic conception of the world. Alyosha maintains that nevertheless there is someone who resolves the apparent absurdity of this world: Christ. It is then that Ivan replies with his poem, "The Grand Inquisitor." A brief exchange, foreshadowing tragic events that are in the offing, rounds off the section.

The following is the story of the Legend:

> After Christ has lived and given his teaching, the world falls upon evil days. All kinds of false doctrines are elaborated, vices are flaunted everywhere, and men seek only to harm each other. Then Christ decides "to show himself for at least a moment to a suffering and wretched people, stagnating in sin, but naively loving him". It happens in Seville, during the most terrible period of the Spanish Inquisition, when every day there are burnings at the stake for the glory of God.
>
> Christ appears then, and everyone recognizes him. "He moves silently in their midst with a gentle smile of infinite compassion. The sun of love burns in His heart, light and power shine from His eyes, and their radiance, shed on the people, stirs their hearts with responsive love. He holds out His hands to them, blesses them, and a healing virtue comes from contact with Him, even with His garments." (p. 295) *
>
> Everywhere faith is reborn and brings about great miracles. At the moment when one of these miracles is taking place, the old cardinal passes in front of the cathedral: he is the cruel Grand Inquisitor. "He is an old man, almost ninety, tall and erect, with a withered face and sunken eyes, in which there is still a gleam of light... He knits his thick grey brows and his eyes gleam with a sinister fire. He holds out his finger and bids the guards to take Him. And such is his power, so completely are the people cowed into submission and trembling obedience to him, that the crowd immediately makes way for the guards, and in the midst of deathlike silence they lay hands on Him and lead Him away." (p. 296)

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* Quotations from the novel are taken from the Modern Library edition of Constance Garnett's translation.

Now Christ is in jail. During the night the Grand Inquisitor comes to visit him, and an extraordinary dialogue takes place:

"'Is it Thou? Thou?" but receiving no answer, he adds at once, 'Don't answer, be silent. What canst Thou say, indeed? I know only too well what Thou wouldst say. And Thou hast no right to add anything to what Thou hadst said of old. Why, then, are Thou come to hinder us? For Thou hast come to hinder us, and Thou knowest that. But dost Thou know what will be tomorrow?... tomorrow I shall condemn Thee and burn Thee at the stake as the worst of heretics. And the very people who have today kissed Thy feet, tomorrow at the faintest sign from me will rush to heap up the embers of Thy fire. Knowest Thou that? Yes, maybe Thou knowest it,' he added with thoughtful penetration, never for a moment taking his eyes off the Prisoner." (pp. 296-7)

Christ himself does not speak. He is simply present, and looks at the cardinal who talks on and on, without a stop...

His long and feverish discourse may be summed up in the following manner:

Christ has come to bring men full liberty and absolute responsibility for their acts. He announces and demands a life of sanctity, a product of the spirit of love. Indeed, it is in these terms that he has been understood. Men have gone into the desert and sacrificed everything in order to become part of the "chosen flock." But little by little it has been perceived that this life can only be shared by the tiniest minority. To take on such a responsibility and the weight of such a liberty, to lead in this way a completely spiritual existence, would be possible only for a few. Then *they* compromised. *They* left out of Christianity everything that exceeded the strength of the mass, and *they* modelled it on what the mass both desired and could accomplish. *They* substituted authority for liberty, the miraculous for the spiritual, mystery (or rather magic) for truth. Now the people are satisfied. Christ's message is lost. The people have irredeemibly become "mass," but have bread, pleasure, and security, and are content.

But who are *they*?

They are those men who first sought to follow this way of the elect, the way of "the hermits and the virgins without stain." As for the question of what was to happen to the rest of mankind, they reminded themselves of the mercy of God. But one day they became disturbed. They could no longer support a world that was made as theirs was. A Christian life that was inaccessible to the crowds and left them in despair; a life in which even the small minority, in spite of all its efforts, could lose heart; a world in which suffering does not diminish, but seems constantly on the increase—there must be something wrong with it. In this way they came to the conviction that "the work of Christ must be corrected."

They realized that men had to be treated as a mob, and that the happiness they could attain was quite mediocre. But in order to gain it, everything that was Christ's must be excluded, which meant that the most frightful of crimes must be committed; and these men had taken this crime upon themselves and dedicated themselves to the Devil in order to insure the happiness of the masses. By this act they became aware of their monstrous power. They had set themselves up against God; they had made themselves the judges of Christ. They had taken over the salvation of mankind. They became the masters of the world.

It is the Roman Church and especially her hierarchy which is being aimed at here, but above all, as the most resolute expression of her spirit, the Jesuit order.

The Church, therefore, has arrested Christ. He can no longer freely communicate with men. He must remain within the limits and the forms which the hierarchy have prescribed. He is hemmed in, surrounded, assimilated; but for this very reason, he is consigned to the past. From the moment when he wished to manifest himself spontaneously to men, in his omnipresent reality, he became the destroyer of the established order. He would endanger the salvation of mankind, which has been regulated once and for all by the hierarchy. He would be truly a heretic. And as he was at this moment really returning to the earth without having been called, it was completely logical that the Grand Inquisitor tell him that he would make him suffer a heretic's death as soon as possible.

The poem ends in this way: "When the Inquisitor ceased speaking he waited some time for his Prisoner to answer him. His silence weighed down upon him. He saw that the Prisoner had listened intently all the time, looking gently in his face and evidently not wishing to reply. The old man longed for Him to say something, however bitter and terrible. But He suddenly approached the old man in silence and softly kissed him on his bloodless aged lips. That was all his answer. The old man shuddered. His lips moved. He went to the door, opened it, and said to Him: 'Go, and come no more ... come not at all, never, never!' And he let Him out into the dark alleys of the town. The Prisoner went away." (p. 311)

The True Level of Interpretation of the Legend

WHAT does this story mean?

A first explanation suggests itself at once, which, moreover, has been accepted by the majority of exegetes of the "legend." Dostoyevsky would be understood here as defending the cause of Christ against his worst adversary. This enemy is not pure and simple belief, but what may be called "Ecclesiasticism," that is, the transformation of the vital relationship of man and God into a system of guarantees of salvation, formulas and practices. In this system, grace, the essence of Christianity, is replaced by a technique of domination of oneself and of men, behind which is hidden the yet more satanic will of attacking God himself. The concrete expression of all this is found in the Catholic Church, to which is opposed the religion of freedom, of the spirit, and of love, the living Christian fullness of heart.

Whoever loves the Church sees only too well that there may be some painful truth in these accusations, even after allowing for the blind and unjust distortions of the author. But other men than he—and in a superior manner than in *The Brothers Karamazov*—have already underlined these problems.[1] It would indeed be sad if the legend could not have any other meaning than that of another episode in the old battle between Rome and Byzantium. (We say Rome and Byzantium deliberately, to avoid taking sides; for to say "The Eastern Church" and "Rome" would itself show prejudice. If we have some awareness of the past, we know what an overwhelming burden of "history" weighs on those names, Rome and Byzantium.)

Nevertheless, we hold Dostoyevsky in too great esteem to believe that this amazing psychologist could have given us an obvious piece of polemics, even if he wanted to. If this was his wish, we would appeal from the polemic-

ist to the creator, being convinced that beneath the controversy more profound depths of being are hidden, and that more fundamental forces of instinct, of the soul, and of religious feeling are also laboring. We would claim the right of interpreting Dostoyevsky in spite of himself. For the creations of the great artist do not belong to himself, but follow their own laws, which are yet deeper.

If we free ourselves from accepted assumptions and examine the thread of the novel with greater attention, we will quickly perceive that the criticism of Rome cannot in any way constitute the essence of the "Grand Inquisitor," and moreover, that we would be doing Dostoyevsky himself a real disservice to interpret the legend in this unilateral way. For controversy has not only been Dostoyevsky's weakest side, but also his least admirable. Dostoyevsky has had three or four great adversaries: Socialism, the rationalistic and idealistic civilization of the West, the Catholic Church, and the Germans. We might say enemies rather than adversaries, for Dostoyevsky never confronted any of them directly. He never fought them, he was content to revile them. For example, how are we to recognize Socialism in the awkward and decadent thing that is described in *The Possessed*? Or the reason and technical greatness of the West in that satanic materialism which is shown as spread everywhere? (Remember, for example, *Letters from the Underground.*)

As far as the Catholic Church is concerned, even an enemy would refuse to recognize her in the sacrilegious caricature of the "Grand Inquisitor." As for the German, in Dostoyevsky he is a completely disagreeable figure, pedantic, narrow, disinherited, cold, vile, and ridiculous; all these characteristics appear so often, so brusquely, in such an insistent and precise manner, that we touch here on a constantly recurring physical aversion... Dostoyevsky was not strong enough to have adversaries; so he made them objects of scorn. A point-by-point analysis would be able to reveal many hidden roots for this hatred. In its wake we would reach the deepest reaches of Dostoyevsky's soul, overwhelmed by so many monstrosities and repressions.

The "Grand Inquisitor" is certainly an attack against Rome. The thoughts and sentiments it expresses recur in Dostoyevsky's work every time Catholicism is in question, or when a Catholic appears. But the meaning of the legend is other than this and is revealed only in the perspective of the entire novel.

In fact it is related to the diabolical vision of Ivan and to his speeches on the world and on God. Put back in its total context, it is an unveiling of Ivan's soul and of his relations with God, precisely at the point where he is trying to justify these relations.

The Christianity of the Legend

BEFORE analyzing the figure of Christ in the legend, permit me to recall a personal experience: at first this figure made me feel a deep religious fervor, but then this emotion seemed dubious and I was unsure of my attitude. Finally I decided to accept the challenge, and to pose the question,

rather paradoxical in appearance: in the final analysis, face to face with this Christ, isn't the Grand Inquisitor right? Is not this Christ really a "heretic"? In trying to explain this impression which kept presenting itself more and more strongly to my mind, it appeared clear to me that in this figure of Christ the Christian fact was detached from the assumptions and general frame of mind to which it is essentially related.

In effect the Christian fact is considered here as something which engages an absolute responsibility, and at the same time as a purely exceptional case. This Christianity has no contact with the middle level which the feet of men touch, that of the everyday average. Certainly it is far from our intention to present a defense of some day-to-day mediocrity. But how could we love Dostoyevsky and forget that human existence includes a high and a low, and that its middle level is determined, and perhaps menaced, by both one and the other? Both are value-limits, and life cannot endure without this middle level which is constantly inclined, it is true, either in one direction or the other. A life in which this level is absent becomes something fantastic, for it is the center of action, the field—or one might say the work-shop of existence. It is there that whatever decisions are made must be realized.

Strictly speaking, this area of existence represents the sphere of realizations: the support of all the values which are called propriety, measure, discipline, order, health, organization, tradition—values which perhaps may have a severe countenance, or are sometimes narrow, but decisively condition integrity of character. The strongest objection which may be raised against Dostoyevsky's representation of human life is perhaps that this middle level of existence is absent from it. A single observation will allow an immediate recognition of this: among his characters who do so many things, none work. And in this word "work" we wish to include all the suffering, all the responsibility, and all the dignity of daily existence.

This middle level also includes historic reality. It is, then, that sphere in which we not only risk and suffer, but we also build enduring human existences. It is where ideas are incarnated in concrete forces, where impulses are changed into organizations, where thoughts are realized in an order and in laws, where action is responsible, consequences are drawn, and reality is conquered.

This domain also forms an essential aspect of the Christian fact as an historical reality: the Church. By essence she is the Church of all, not only of exceptional beings; the Church of the ordinary, and not only of the heroic hours of life. Like man himself, she is related, commencing with this middle zone, both with what is "high" and what is "low". In this way the Church is the expression not only of extremes, but also, and essentially, of the normal possibilities of the Christian fact.

But the Christianity of the "Legend" at bottom has no relationship with this middle level, and it is this which makes it unreal.

At the same time because of this it enters on a very subtle rebellion, which consists precisely in recognizing Christianity only in its "pure form." In effect

to identify "the Christian fact" with the Christian ideal, to reject any idea of gradation, steps of approach, or progress, is in the last analysis to revolt against God, who is the God of love and humility, which here means of reality.

But that is not all. As soon as we allow ourselves to be seized by the figure and the spirit of Christ as he appears to us, in such a vivid manner, in the New Testament, we see that he is attuned to a determined plan: that of creation. Creation is the work of God; Christ ratifies it; he condemns only its sin and degeneration. Surely creation is called on to do penance, but this is precisely with a view to the transformation of the real world. Creation remains the level of reference and of revelation, and it cannot be otherwise because the world has been created by the Word, and the Word himself has become man in order to redeem it.

It is true that the world cannot be considered for itself alone; it has value only because of God who created it and will find its achievement only in his grace. But nevertheless by God's agency it does become something highly significant, and even in sin it has not ceased to be creation. It has become neither nothingness, nor nonsense, nor even—as such—sin. (It is not Christian severity, but only Nordic exasperation which would misunderstand this.) In the light of faith, creation is certainly "judged," but it is never rejected. Creation is not nothingness, any more than it is simply evil with which the divine element can be linked only by a paradox. Even in its ravaged state, it remains a divine work and has meaning only in the Redemption. Every Christian element ought to be understood as related to creation. It is certainly ordained for the life of the "new creature," but this supposes that the first creation remains the point of departure for this new life, at the same time that its divine origin is the unchanged level of reference.

In this way the attitude of Christ in regard to his father is something completely different from the passive obedience of someone whom his Father sacrificed to a stupid world; it is the exulting obedience of the incarnate Word, which takes on, body and soul, the eternal work of the Father, and inserts it within the new creation.

The Christ of the Grand Inquisitor, on the contrary, does not accept the order of the world. He has no essential relationship with the Father-Creator. He is not truly the Word, in whom the world has been created, and whose Incarnation ought to regenerate it by transfoming it. This Christ does not have that holy relationship of love for the real world which purifies it and renews it; he is simply compassion, bearing an invitation to leave the world.

This Christ is detached; we might even dare to say that he is an egoist. He does not come to the world from the Father, and he does not go from the world to the Father. He does not love our world, and he is not bringing it back home. He is not a messenger, and neither is he redeemer; he is not a mediator between the true heavenly Father and man as he is. Strictly speaking, he comes from nowhere. His figure leaves an impression on us, but it is purely imaginary and leads to nothing. The disturbance that he brings gives rise to confusion and finally results in despair.

Is this an exaggeration? Let everyone re-read the New Testament, and then the "Legend." Let this creation of Dostoyevsky act on us and reveal itself to us in its real radiations...

Finally, who is this Ivan who creates such a Christ? A man who does not himself believe in the Redeemer, but who imposes as a norm on humble believers the completely notional product of his disbelief! (or, if he does believe in God, "does not accept his creation"). His state of soul is darkly dramatic, a tissue of contradictions, and is totally overwhelmed by a denial even more destructive than a simple negation of God. He is a man to whom Satan has been appearing frequently, and who agrees with him on every point!

No, the "Legend" cannot be identified with the fundamental exigencies of Christianity, nor even with its theoretic expression. On the contrary it is the answer by Ivan to his brother at the moment when the latter, who wishes to overcome his pessimistic and anarchistic conception of the world, invites him to contemplate the Redemption; the avowed aim of Ivan is justification, both of himself and of his conception of the world.

WHAT, then, is the "correction" which the Grand Inquisitor imposes on Christianity? Is it not in that he leads man back to his reality, his limits, his weaknesses, his just proportions? But all this finds itself completely misrepresented because it is delivered in absolute terms. Instead of a normal Christian environment, there is only its caricature, completely satanic and banal, which culminates in a frightful representation of the mass-man. It is obvious that such an undertaking is anti-Christian and diabolic. But Satan cannot falsify everything; he must apply himself to some element of truth, in this case to what is missing in the Christianity of this Christ. For this Christianity is unreal and so is the man to whom he is speaking. The Grand Inquisitor restores law for the dispossessed. He puts man back into reality. He gives him what is at the origin of all love, by knowing that the Christian exigency starts from what man is, not from what he ought to be. He is patient. He has the sense of obedience; he knows how the factors of order and reality are intermingled. We are asked to believe that, in coming in this way to the aid of a reality which had been violated, he would have ended by so profoundly corrupting it, by making of it the demonic system of his world!

But what is it that impels Ivan to create such a Christ? It is not because he is similarly in a false relationship with the world? A deep pity for the wretchedness of men ravages him, but it is a completely instinctive pity that no moral nuance has purified. To discover the character of this pity, it suffices to hear Ivan speak of the suffering of children, when he recounts, for example, the story of the master who had a little boy torn apart by dogs under the eyes of his mother, or of the parents who enjoyed torturing their little daughter. This is a terrible scene which one is almost ashamed to recall, but which enlightens us on the true inspiration of the "legend." There is also the passage about the Turks who first caressed the child in his mother's arms, and at the precise instant that he smiled, riddled his head with bullets!

We see here an instinctive and morbid pity, a tremulous thrill in confronting the suffering of the world, an insupportable torment which nevertheless allows for no other result than that of constantly plunging again into this suffering.

Listen then to why Ivan declares this world impossible. He recognizes that God exists, and that he has created the world, but it is precisely this work of God that he does not recognize, because it appears to him to break with the rules of reason, of justice, and of the heart. It is there that he discovers the absurd, the "non-Euclidean." For this reason must he fall into rationalism, and invoke a "bourgeois" order? In an instant we shall see that it is a matter of something quite different. What Ivan rejects is that man is able to appeal from this disorder to eternity and to the mystery of the superior wisdom of God and of his love. Justice must begin to reign here on earth. And in the fear that the eternal unanimity of the fervent army of mankind after the resurrection and the hosanna of heavenly hearts might one day invalidate his protest, he raises it now once and for all. He turns in his passport. This is equivalent to rejecting reality in as much as it is a divine mystery, and in also rejecting the attitude of obedience and patience which accepts this reality as it is.

But this suffering which must not be, this "non-Euclidean" element, is treated by Ivan with such passion that it is clear that it is precisely this that he is seeking! If he rejects the world so violently, it is just because he loves, with all his sick neuroticism, the evil that he rejects in it...! And because he loves the world in this manner, he cannot detach himself from it, in spite of the harsh criticisms with which he addresses it; but if he remains faithful to it, it is by declaring it illegitimate, because wicked; hence his condition of "rebellion."

Ivan himself is the Grand Inquisitor in so far as he rejects the world and wishes to tear it from the hands of God, since he has made it badly, with the pretension of organizing it differently and in a superior manner than its original author... And it is Ivan who, with his nerves on end, always loves the world and would not wish it other than it is because it is only thus that it can give him what he is seeking. Consequently, he wishes to maintain it in this state in order to be able to protest against it, and while protesting, continue to enjoy it.

Ivan rejects this divine creation, because he loves it in a depraved manner . . . But does he not reject it as the work of God in order to detach it from the Creator, and as a rebellious and usurped object, endowed with a particular charm, to have it for himself alone? Does Satan appear to him by chance? Is it chance, too, that he has a sinister understanding, more profound than would be thought conceivable, with that strangely perverse child, Lise Hoklakov, in whose life the diabolic has already penetrated?

But, it may be said, all this has nothing to do with the figure of Christ in the legend. Let no one be deceived: this Christ makes Ivan right.

This Christ legitimizes his attitude of revolt, because he does not obey the reality of the world, any more than the Father who created it... Besides, such a Christ is inoffensive for this world which will remain as Ivan's worst instinct secretly desires it, precisely because this Christ is "Christian" in the

extreme sense of the word, that is, remaining at some distance from all realizations of day-to-day obedience, and in the same way remaining outside the Church, or rather in opposition to her. This false Christ makes the transformation of the real world by a true Christianity impossible and so delivers it as a prey to usurpation—to the usurpation of Ivan.

The Christ of the legend, therefore, represents the justification of Ivan in his own eyes and at the same time it secretly introduces an attempt to neutralize Christianity, because it is represented as detached, and understood as an absolute "purity."

One more remark on Ivan's world seems called for:

It is in this world that his father lives. It is in that world that his father is protected, claims respect, holds the purse-strings, and annoys Grushenka . . . And the Christ of the legend who does not know his heavenly Father, because he is not related to the real world, could well be a supreme idealization of Ivan's parricidal will.[2]

Is not the culminating speech of the trial disquieting, those words cried out by Ivan before the whole audience: "Who then does not desire the death of his father?" And is not the anticipated reply by Lisa rather strange: "Do you know, they are going to condemn your brother because he has struck your father dead, but deep down they find this all right, and it makes them quite happy!"

Ivan Karamazov

WHO is this strange man whose brain is able to conceive such a poem, so revealing and so disquieting at the same time?

Ivan is the oldest son of the old usurer Fyodor Karamazov and his second wife Sophie Ivanovna.

We must stop here to discuss these parents and the heavy heritage transmitted by them to their son. We ought to limit ourselves to the essentials: the father began by leading a parasitic life among rich families; in order to stifle the feeling of humiliation which devoured him from within, he played the fool with such a frenzy that he sometimes fell into a cataleptic condition. In time he arrived at the lowest levels of vileness, carrying off all the money that came his way; his sensuality, which usually was nothing more than boorishness and ribaldry, would sometimes know a refinement of depravity. Besides, he was not without intelligence; he sometimes said profound things. It has been pointed out that in Dostoyevsky the decisive word is often the contribution of those who seem remarkably out of proportion to the words they are pronouncing. The frightful villainy of Fyodor is shown, for example, in the way that he abused poor Lisaveta Smerdyastchaya "for a laugh" and imposed drunken guests on her. Their child is the disturbing Smerdyakov, the fourth "brother," the one who will one day touch off the catastrophe. Still more unbearable in its infamy was Fyodor's manner with his second wife Sophie— who belonged to that race of tender, silently suffering women—during her nervous attacks which for her were the ransom of a dishonored life and in which the old rake used to take a cynical delight. It was of such parents that Ivan was the son.

This is the way that he is presented: the eldest, Ivan, became a "somewhat morose and reserved, though far from timid boy. At ten years old he had realized that they were living in their own home but on other people's charity, and that their father was a man of whom it was disgraceful to speak. The boy began very early, almost in his infancy (so they say at least), to show a brilliant and unusual aptitude for learning."

When a student at the University, "he did not even attempt to communicate with his father, perhaps from pride, from contempt for him, or perhaps from his cool common sense, which told him that from such a father he would get no real assistance. However that may have been, the young man was by no means despondent and succeeded in getting work, at first giving lessons and afterwards getting paragraphs on street incidents into the newspapers under the signature 'The Eye-Witness.' These paragraphs, it was said, were so interesting and piquant that they were soon taken." (p. 13)

It is of particular interest to us that he "published in one of the more important journals, a strange article which attracted general notice, on a subject of which he might have been supposed to know nothing, as he was a student of natural science. The article dealt with a subject which was being debated everywhere at that time—the position of the ecclesiastical courts. After discussing several opinions on the subject he went on to explain his own view. What was most striking about the article was its tone, and its unexpected conclusion. Many of the Church party regarded him unquestioningly as on their side. And yet not only the secularists but even atheists joined them in their applause. Finally some sagacious persons opined that the article was nothing but an impudent satirical burlesque." (p. 14)

In the interview with his brother of which we have already spoken, one of the most secret aspects of Ivan's soul is uncovered:

" 'You seem to love me for some reason, Alyosha.'

'I do love you, Ivan. Dmitri says of you—Ivan is a tomb. I say of you, Ivan is a riddle. You are a riddle to me even now. But I understand something in you, and I did not understand it till this morning.'

'What's that?' laughed Ivan.

'You won't be angry?' Alyosha laughed too.

'Well?'

'That you are just as young as other young men of three and twenty, that you are just a young and fresh and nice boy, green in fact! Now, have I insulted you dreadfully?' " (pp. 272-3).

Ivan was not at all offended. What Alyosha had said, on the contrary, got him started talking, and now he was the one who was speaking of how he believed in life, how he had begun to love men, and to accept the order of things... How moving it all was, how dear to him were "the sticky little leaves as they open in spring", "the blue sky", and the proud talents and great works of men. He wished to start out for Europe: "I know that I'm only going to find a grave-yard, but it's a most precious grave-yard, that's what it is! Precious are the dead who lie there, every stone over them speaks of such

burning life in the past, of such passionate faith in their work, their truth, their struggle and their science, that I know I shall fall on the ground and kiss those stones and weep over them . . .' "

All this is the sap of life rising, deeply fervent, towards a torrential existence with its many aspects: " 'It's not a matter of intellect or logic, it's loving with one's inside, with one's stomach. One loves the first strength of one's youth. Do you understand anything of my tirade, Alyosha?' Ivan laughed suddenly.

'I understand too well, Ivan; one longs to love with one's inside, with one's stomach. You said that so well and I am awfully glad that you have such a longing for life,' cried Alyosha. 'I think everyone should love life above everything in the world.'

'Love life more than the meaning of it?'

'Certainly, love it, regardless of logic, as you say, it must be regardless of logic, and it's only then one will understand the meaning of it. I have thought so a long time.' " (p. 274)

Such language would be strong and promising, if it was not precisely a little too strong . . . But there is something else in it: a clear presentiment remains that this confidence could well be deceived. This life is not completely sure of itself. Ivan feels that it is not interiorly unified from the heart out, that its resistance is weak, and lessens its power of creation. Isolated powers can one day free themselves violently and govern alone: either the primitive "earth-force", the lust of the senses and of the passion, or, on the other extreme, the cold reason which begins to play its own game at the same time that "the flesh" emancipates itself. When one of these forces detaches itself, the other does the same, like the faces of the diabolical Trinity painted by Matthias Grunewald . . . This will to live feels only too clearly that it does not rest on anything solid; it therefore plans for its survival, no matter in what form: " 'I've asked myself many times whether there is in the world any despair that would overcome this frantic and perhaps unseemly thirst for life in me, and I've come to the conclusion that there isn't, that is till I am thirty, and then I shall lose it of myself, I fancy. Some drivelling consumptive moralists—and poets especially—ofen call that thirst for life base. It's a feature of the Karamazovs, it's true, that thirst for life regardless of everything; you have it no doubt too, but why is it base?' " (p. 273) The primitive force of the Karamazovs, detached from its interior realm, from the area of the heart's radiance, represents indeed an elementary power, a blind earth-force, which breaks loose in the whole man. But because of the fact that man is a person, what remains "pure" in a certain sense—or at least indifferent to good and evil—as animal instinct, in the exuberance of the virgin forest, or in the tempest or the volcano, becomes evil for man.

Yes, it becomes something "vile"—how revealing this word is! Ivan certainly rejects the epithet, but it reappears in his own mouth as soon as he finishes the legend. When he again recalls the disillusion with which he feels menaced, his brother asks him: " 'How will you live . . . With such a hell in your heart and head, how can you?' . . .

'There is a strength to endure everything,' Ivan said with a cold smile.
'What strength?'
'The strength of the Karamazov—the strength of the Karamazov baseness.' (p. 312)

BUT where does this baseness come from? It is not surprising that this "earth-force," once it is liberated, becomes something evil and destructive, but how does it become vile and bury itself in vileness? We might be able to say that since man is a person, vitality becomes corrupt when the heart is not linked to the spirit. In fact, sensuality, isolated from spirituality or intellect, is vile. Satan is a spirit of rebellion, and for that very reason an impure spirit, that is to say that he produces impurity everywhere that he has power over men. But Ivan's case is more complicated, and this brings us to the second vice connected with this thirst of life. There is something poisonous in it of which we have already spoken; it is Ivan's unhealthy position in regard to suffering. He wants to avoid disorder, which produces suffering, and nevertheless he reveals himself as voluptuously cruel. He is tortured by another's suffering, but he seeks this torture and enjoys it. The roots of this pity are rotten: but Ivan's "vileness" proceeds directly from it.

It is because of this that he is bound to the realm of the satanic: in that area where morbidity united to evil is tasted as a delightful sentiment at the same time that it represents complete revolt. This brings us to Ivan's liason with Lise Hohlakov.

The reader must be patient: the threads of this situation are very tightly interwoven, and if we really want to unravel anything valuable, our thought must descend into the depths.

Ivan's love is as divided as himself. Profoundly and silently it goes to the proud, beautiful and passionate Katerina Ivanovna. If she had loved him in return, she would have been able to dress the wounds of his soul, and bring his "earth-force" into the realm of the spirit while liberating it with the radiance of the heart. In fact Katerina loves Ivan. But she thinks she loves his elder brother Dmitri, or rather, she has convinced herself that she does. Years ago her father, a high-ranking officer, faced involvement and even dishonor in a situation which involved the regiment's money; she had then gone to Dmitri, who belonged to the same regiment, and begged him to consent to a loan. The circumstances which surrounded this gesture made of it more than a simple request. Dmitri had conducted himself honorably, and with the help of her pride, she tried to remedy the situation by convincing herself that she was in love with him. In reality she was not in love with him, or he with her. The compulsion of wounded pride—which, in the aftermath, at the moment of the trial, will burst out in the fury of her deposition and precipitate the catastrophe—is enough to establish a true barrier between her and Ivan.

In addition, Ivan detests his brother. And there is something of the hatred of Cain for Abel in the way in which Ivan, even in the grip of his own distress, hates Dmitri, who is one of the rare heroic figures in Dostoyevsky's poetic

work—a man who is shaken by tempests, but is nevertheless capable of magnificent bursts of energy in recovering.

Ivan loves Katerina, but in addition he is not at all indifferent to Grushenka. The situation is not clearly revealed, but that encounter between the two women, in which we think we are watching two savage cats, beginning by caresses only to end by trying to tear each other to pieces, would not be possible if only Dmitri stood between them.

Besides this, Ivan is strangely linked to Lise Hohlakov. This woman-child is a sinister figure; unhealthy in her instincts, completely spoiled by a weak mother, superficially innocent, but deeply perverted, and not only by novels! She loves Alyosha, and aspires to be saved from her own frightful chaos by that element of the divine that is in him. But at the same time she desires this "chaos." She finds beautiful what is in fact shameful and humiliating—a strange echo to the character of Stavrogin in *The Possessed.*

To find "beauty" in destruction, disease and impurity leads straight to the satanic! Her dreams prove it; she herself senses it and seeks help from Alyosha, but at the same time she writes Ivan, for whom she feels a quick sympathy. She loves the "Cherubim," but without renouncing his brother, and she has reached such an abyss of perversion that she sends Alyosha himself with her letter to Ivan. As for Ivan, he understands the whole situation, and although he despises Lise, he cannot prevent himself, in the bewilderment of his heart, from keeping her near him in one way or another.

Ivan hates his father. But it is something more than that: his father disgusts him. His feeling is not the simple repulsion of Dmitri, however, who is afraid of losing his head in the presence of the repulsive old man, and striking him. On the contrary, Ivan tells us that after returning home he lived for months on cordial terms with his father. The latter felt hatred for his son: when he was drunk one day he said that Ivan's glances were crooked and evil; nevertheless, there was a silent understanding between them.

The divided love of Ivan is also revealed in his relations with Smerdyakov. The latter is one of the most revealing characters in the novel, a sort of end product of the vileness which has been fermenting in the Karamazov family. We would not know whether or not to say such a creature is a man—a being in whom all goodness and all attractiveness is completely absent. Everything about him is cold, slippery, and sullen, crooked and concealed. He seems serious but we can never be sure what he really takes seriously; he is sensible, but also has terrifying periods of "absence." He too aspires to escape himself and make his life over again. And this is precisely the thing which drives him to crime: those three thousand roubles that he will steal will allow him to start life anew in a foreign country. In this there is a sinister parallel to Ivan who wants to do the same thing with his inheritance of three thousand roubles.

Perhaps this is the single point of access to this walled-up figure. We remember the strange look of inquietude, or even agony, that Smerdyakov gave Ivan when he felt that his plans had been discovered: "His face expressed attention and expectation, intent but timid and cringing. 'Haven't you something more to say—something to add?' could be read in the intent gaze he

fixed on Ivan." (pp. 324-5) After that there is the frightful despair of the last interview, which precedes his suicide...

Is it not a curious thing that Ivan could have sympathy for this man? He, who habitually is so unavailable for human intercourse, speaks often to the "lackey" and grants him strange freedoms. Would it not be because his aristocratic nature finds itself bewitched by the diabolic in its most repulsive form, in the same way that some specially favored beings fall to the point that they become unrecognizable?

We see that many divergent forces are operating in Ivan, but he cannot succeed in uniting them. Atomized by them, he must fill the empty zones of his existence; he needs a heart near his and the force of a shining love which would renew him. Since this love is absent, he sets out to live as a divided man.

His position will be determined by the most profound conflict of his life. Ivan is filled with intense pride, which is characteristic of isolated, distant, and exhausted spirits. His pride is to the world of the spirit what his "earth-force" represents in the world of passion: a self-contained power, acting on its own force. Nevertheless, at the same time a feeling of inferiority runs through him and exhausts him.[3] In this way he lives in inner discord, unbearably out of harmony with himself. He wants to assert his superiority, but he is well aware that the lackey in him will never be completely at rest. This is why Smerdyakov has a hold on him, and why Ivan is powerless before such a being! For him everything hangs on this question: will he listen to the voice of his pride, and force into silence all those voices which remind him of his inferiority?[4]

It is by starting at this point that he resigns himself to accepting a lacerated world. Every normal man is aware of the contradictions of existence, but he tries to insure, in his interior self, that equilibrium which would give him the strength to overcome chaos, suffering, evil and sin. He looks for victory to come from the liberating and saving power of grace. In every manner and beyond contradictions, he will be joined to a universal principle. This is what the "holy women" and the two Sonyas do, in the unconscious heroism of their abnegation. Makar the pilgrim and the elders, by reason of the unifying power and shining strength of a redeemed heart, and Alyosha with his angelic force, will arrive at the same point. Ivan always refuses to look in this direction. He demands that justice reign here on earth from now on, and since this is impossible, he presents the whole injustice of the world as a permanent accusation against God.

In this perspective the world has been badly made by God. But the accusation goes even further than that: God was not *able* to create a good world. We must look for inability in God himself... The entire world is sealed up in imperfection. To present this kind of argumentation means to want to defeat God by declaring him impotent, or to accuse him of weakness, injustice, or even something worse.

This is open revolt, not simple atheism, but aggression. In this God is not denied—although, to tell the truth, Ivan's belief in God is more than doubtful (cf. Ivan's meeeting with the devil)—but attacked.[5]

By this means Ivan projects his own inner state of laceration into an absolute condition. The inferiority complex that we mentioned would need to seek its true remedy in that humility which frees the heart and opens the way to love; revolt, on the other hand, proceeds on a one-way street, trying to make up for its inferiority by a monstrous rebellion against God.

During the great meeting of the elders, Miüssov recalls that Ivan had defended the following thesis: " 'if you were to destroy in mankind the belief in immortality, not only love but every living force maintaining the life of the world would at once be dried up. Moreover, nothing then would be immoral, everything would be lawful, even cannibalism.' " (p. 78)

The elder asks Ivan: " 'Is that really y o u r conviction as to the consequences of the disappearance of faith in immortality'

'Yes. That was my contention. There is no virtue if there is no immortality.'

'You are blessed in believing that, or else most unhappy.'

'Why unhappy?' Ivan asked smiling.

'Because, in all probability, you don't yourself believe in the immortality of your soul, nor in what you have written yourself in your article on Church jurisdiction.' " (p. 79)

In brief it would seem that Ivan believes in God in a certain way, but it also seems that he would like to tear away from Him the prerogative of his divinity, which consists in the power to compel morally through the value and strength of his very essence. T h i s is because goodness is not something which is outside God: it is God himself who is the good. Ivan's "revolt" does not extend to the point where he would pretend to establish the distinction between good and evil himself, but already he assumes the right—since he is an "exceptional" being—of going beyond this distinction, which is adequate for the masses, and with the strength of this right, to do evil, that is, to authorize it.

Ivan and Smerdyakov

WE have already spoken of the strange relations which were established between Ivan and his half-brother Smerdyakov. Their liaison is strange, but nevertheless assumes a fixed character. If Smerdyakov is obliged to hate the frightful person who has given him the terrible life that he knows, for his part Ivan feels both hatred and a scorn full of disgust when thinking of his father. It is a common hatred that brings these two men together. Smerdyakov, however, is the stronger; he has the mysterious strength of a dream-creature.

The hatred of Ivan for his father is a terrible thing. One day during a savage scene Dmitri, in a fit of jealousy, struck the old man. Ivan intervened and succeeded in dragging his brother away.

" 'Damn it all, if I hadn't pulled him away perhaps he'd have murdered him. It wouldn't take much to do for Aesop, would it?' whispered Ivan to Alyosha.

'God forbid!' cried Alyosha.

'Why should He forbid?' Ivan went on in the same whisper, with a malignant grimace. 'One reptile will devour the other. And serve them both right, too.' " (pp. 167-8)

Ivan nourished the hope that his father would one day be done away with, or rather, that the crime would be perpetrated by his brother, whom he also hated wildly. This is a savage wish, but which is still understandable in a heart that is dominated by passion, but in this case the evil has settled in the mind. Ivan has made his perversion into a principle.

" 'Brother, let me ask one thing more (Alyosha is speaking): has any man the right to look at other men and decide which is worthy to live?'

'Why bring in the question of worth? . . . And as for rights, who has not the right to wish?'

'Not for another man's death?'

'What even if for another man's death? Why lie to oneself since all men live so and perhaps cannot help living so.' " (p. 170)

This brings us to the curious and almost incomprehensible incident which takes place between Ivan and Smerdyakov.

In the interview that we just discussed Ivan revealed to Alyosha his intimate thought and plans for the future. He wants to leave for Europe, "make a new start, and enter upon a new unknown future. He would again be as solitary as ever, and though he had great hopes, and great—too great—expectations from life, he could not have given definite account of his hopes, his expectations, or even his desires." (p. 314) When he returns to his father's house, a sense of agony which is something more than fear of the unknown takes hold of him; he tells us that it is a sadness that extends to the point of nausea. What especially irritates him is that he feels that this anxiety has a chance cause. A being or an object vaguely obsesses him . . . In very vile humour Ivan arrives at his father's house; a few steps from the door he raises his eyes and suddenly realizes the cause of his anxiety.

Smerdyakov was seated on a bench, enjoying the fresh air. As soon as he saw him Ivan understood that it was Smerdyakov who was weighing him down and that his soul could not support it.

Ivan had been interested in Smerdyakov from his earliest days, and had "even thought him very original. He had encouraged him to talk to him, although he had always wondered at a certain incoherence, or rather restlessness in his mind, and could not understand what it was that so continually and insistently worked upon the brain of 'the contemplative' . . . " (p. 316) Later, Smerdyakov began to exasperate him, and he began to hate him.

In addition, the dissension within the family became aggravated, and Smerdyakov himself became more open with Ivan. "But though Smerdyakov always talked of that (i.e. the dissension) with great excitement, it was impossible to discover what he desired to come of it. There was, in fact, something surprising in the illogicality and incoherence of some of his desires, accidentally betrayed and always vaguely expressed. Smerdyakov was always inquiring, putting certain indirect but obviously premeditated questions, but what his object was he did not explain, and usually at the most important

moment he would break off and relapse into silence or pass to another subject." (p. 316)

We may understand, therefore, in what atmosphere the meeting of Ivan and the lackey is going to take place:

"With a feeling of disgust and irritation he (Ivan) tried to pass in at the gate without speaking or looking at Smerdyakov. But Smerdyakov rose from the bench, and from that action alone, Ivan knew instantly that he wanted particularly to talk to him. Ivan looked at him and stopped, and the fact that he did stop, instead of passing by, as he meant to the minute before, drove him to fury. With anger and repulsion he looked at Smerdyakov's emasculate, sickly face, with the little curls combed forward on his forehead. His left eye winked and grinned as though to say, 'Where are you going? You won't pass by; you see that we two clever people have something to say to each other.'

"Ivan shook. 'Get away, miserable idiot. What have I to do with you?' was on the tip of his tongue, but to his profound astonishment he heard himself say, 'Is my father still asleep, or has he waked?'

"He asked the question softly and meekly, to his own surprise, and at once, again to his own surprise, sat down on the bench. For an instant he felt almost frightened; he remembered it afterwards. Smerdyakov stood facing him, his hands behind his back, looking at him with assurance and almost severity.

'His honor is still asleep,' he articulated deliberately. ('You were the first to speak, not I,' he seemed to say.) 'I am surprised at you, sir,' he added, after a pause, dropping his eyes affectedly, setting his right foot forward, and playing with the tip of his polished boot." (p. 317)

An open fight is on. Ivan hates this creature but he cannot separate himself from him. The latter knows it and reveals himself with an impudent familiarity. Ivan realizes that he is getting angry, but something in him which is completely foreign to this indignation is speaking and acting for him, something which seems to issue from a center subconsciously tied to Smerdyakov. We might say that Ivan is being held under his charm. Moreover, we are given to understand that the cause of this tie is nothing but their agreement in hatred of their father. We may perhaps go even further in order to discover the roots of this understanding. Both brothers, in the most intimate recess of their being, have placed themselves outside the divine law: Smerdyakov in a way that is difficult to know whether to call animal or satanic; Ivan by his "revolt."

With great anxiety we see Smerdyakov, with that disconcerting mixture of almost inhuman coldness and agitation, submitting his plan to Ivan: he has the old man's confidence and knows his habits; he knows that he is waiting for Grushenka's visit, and that Dmitri also loves her with a furiously jealous love. He knows how this visit will take place down to the smallest details; he has everything organized to exasperate Dmitri and to arrange that Dmitri meet his father in the yard. Smerdyakov himself will disappear by pretending to have a fit of epilepsy. He counsels Ivan to leave, during the critical days,

for a small town in the area, Tchermashnya. Ivan feels himself drawn into a terrible complicity:

"A sort of shudder passed over Ivan's face. He suddenly flushed.

'Then why on earth,' he suddenly interrupted Smerdyakov, 'do you advise me to go to Tchermashnya? What did you mean by that? If I go away, you see what will happen here.' Ivan drew his breath with difficulty.

'Precisely so,' said Smerdyakov, softly and reasonably, watching Ivan intently however.

'What do you mean by 'precisely so'?' Ivan questioned him, with a menacing light in his eyes, restraining himself with difficulty.

'I spoke because I felt sorry for you. If I were in your place I would simply throw it all up... rather than stay on in such a position,' answered Smerdyakov with the most candid air, looking at Ivan's flashing eyes." (p. 324)

Ivan gets up in order to start through the small gate, but he stops and comes back towards Smerdyakov. Then something strange happens: "Ivan, in a sudden paroxysm, bit his lip, clenched his fists, and in another moment would have thrown himself on Smerdyakov. The latter, anyway, noticed it at the same moment, started, and shrank back. But the moment passed without mischief to Smerdyakov, and Ivan turned in silence, as it seemed in perplexity, to the gate.

'I am going away to Moscow tomorrow, if you care to know, early tomorrow morning. That's all!' he suddenly said aloud angrily, and wondered himself afterwards what need there was to say this then to Smerdyakov." (p. 324)

Indeed, Ivan is under a charm...

There is also the profoundly revealing scene in which, late at night, when he is scarcely in control of himself, he returns to his own thoughts—"it would be very hard to give an account of them," the narrator tells us—but it was not his thoughts which troubled him, but a sort of vague disquiet. "He felt himself that he had lost his bearings. He was fretted, too, by all sorts of strange and almost surprising desires; for instance, after midnight he suddenly had an intense irresistible inclination to go down, open the door, go to the lodge and beat Smerdyakov. But if he had been asked why, he could not have given any exact reason, except perhaps that he loathed the valet as one who had insulted him more gravely than anyone in the world.[6] On the other hand, he was more than once that night overcome by a sort of inexplicable humiliating terror, which he felt positively paralyzed his physical powers.[7] His head ached and he was giddy. A feeling of hatred was rankling in his heart, as though he meant to avenge himself on someone...

"Remembering that night long afterwards, Ivan recalled with peculiar repulsion how he had suddenly got up from the sofa and stealthily, as though he were afraid of being watched, had opened the door, gone out on the staircase and listened to Fyodor Pavlovitch stirring down below, had listened a long while—some five minutes—with a sort of strange curiosity, holding his breath while his heart throbbed. And why he had done all this, why he was listening, he could not have said. That 'action' all his life afterwards he called 'infamous,' and at the bottom of his heart, he thought of it as the basest

action of his life.[8] For Fyodor Pavlovitch himself he felt no hatred at that moment, but was simply intensely curious to know he was walking down there below and what he must be doing now.[9] He wondered and imagined how he must be peeping out of the dark windows and stopping in the middle of the room, listening, listening—for someone to knock. Ivan went out on the stairs twice to listen like this." (pp. 326-7)

Now it is that fate wishes the old man himself to urge him to leave for Tchermashnya, where there is business to transact. Surprised by this awkward incident, Ivan refuses to listen and persists in his desire to go to Moscow. But soon the scene becomes completely fantastic:

"The whole household came out to take leave—Smerdyakov, Marfa and Grigory. Ivan gave them ten roubles each. When he had seated himself in the carriage, Smerdyakov jumped up to arrange the rug.

'You see... I am going to Tchermashnya,' b r o k e suddenly from Ivan. Again, as the day before, the words seemed to drop of themselves, and he laughed, too, a peculiar, nervous laugh. He remembered it long after.

'It's a true saying then, that 'it's always worth while speaking to a clever man',' answered Smerdyakov firmly, looking significantly at Ivan." (pp. 330-1)

Ivan withdraws, but becomes a prey to an infinite sadness and to an inexpressible well-being. After the first change of carriages, Smerdyakov's phrase returns to his mind: " 'Why is it worth while speaking to a clever man? What did he mean by that?' The thought seemed suddenly to clutch at his breathing. 'And why did I tell him I was going to Tchermashnya?' " (p. 331)

He regains his previous feelings, but suddenly he changes his mind; "At seven o'clock Ivan got into the train and set off for Moscow. 'Away with the past! I've done with the old world forever, and may I have no news, no echo from it. To a new life, new places, with no looking back!' But instead of delight, his soul was filled with such gloom, and his heart ached with such anguish, as he had never known in his life before. He was thinking all the night. The train flew on, and only at daybreak, when he was approaching Moscow, he suddenly roused himself from his meditation.

'I am a scoundrel,' he whispered to himself." (p. 332)

He was right. To tell Smerdyakov that he was leaving for Tchermashnya was equivalent to saying "go ahead," and his heart knew it.

In fact he had acted as "Grand Inquisitor," as superman.

But what a poor superman! His gestures have the impotence and the contradiction of those of Raskolnikov. He can only slip into crime.

"Napoleon?... Let's go then! It's only an insect, nothing more..." Raskolnikov had said.

The Interview with the Devil

THE reactions of Ivan against God and the world created by him; the will, behind an inferiority complex, of raising himself to a superhuman amorality, beyond good and evil; relations with the diabolic in Lise Hokhalov and Smerdyakov—all these take on the power of a vision in the chapter entitled: "The Devil. Ivan's Nightmare." (Book XI, Chapter 9)

Previously, a third and final interview with Smerdyakov proved to us that the latter has renounced for ever all hope of salvation. A frightful and icy despair has taken possession of the unfortunate man. Ivan shows himself to be resolved to tell the truth at the next session of the court, that is, to denounce Smerdyakov. Feeling relieved by this thought, he returned home. There he again fell into a state of depression. His fever was not simply physical; both his mind and his heart were affected.

"Sitting down again, he began looking around, as though searching for something. This happened several times. At last his eyes were fastened intently on one point. Ivan smiled, but an angry flush suffused his face. He sat a long time in his place, his head propped on both arms, though he looked sideways at the same point, at the sofa that stood against the opposite wall. There was evidently something, some object, that irritated him there, worried him and tormented him..." (p. 771)

"Someone appeared to be sitting there... This was a person or, more accurately speaking, a Russian gentleman of a particular kind, no l o n g e r young, *qui faisait la cinquantaine,* as the French say, with rather long, still thick, dark hair, slightly streaked with grey and a small pointed beard. He was wearing a brownish reefer jacket, rather shabby, evidently made by a good tailor though, and of a fashion at least three years old, that had been discarded by smart and well-to-do people for the last two years... He had unmistakably been, at some time, in good and fashionable society, had once had good connections, had possibly preserved them indeed, but, after a gay youth, becoming gradually impoverished on the abolition of serfdom, he had sunk into the position of a poor relation of the best class, wandering from one good old friend to another and received by them for his companionable and accommodating position..." (pp. 772-3)

The visitor is polite, even affable; in fact, his insinuating tone sometimes turns to an ironic superiority, if not a rather sharp sarcasm. He makes himself persuasive, but some latent cynicism consistently questions everything all over again. He provokes doubt, and then effaces it the next moment. He speaks of God and of the beyond in the manner of Romantic sceptics, then suddenly with an accent which reveals a desire to believe. But as soon as a touch of faith penetrates his words, a cynical remark makes the whole illusion vanish.

He presents himself as a particular man, but arranges at the same time that his existence remain problematical. He seems to suffer from this uncertainty and to aspire to the thick reality of earthly existence. "I am poor, but... I won't say very honest, but... It's an axiom generally accepted in society that I am a fallen angel. I certainly can't conceive how I can ever have been an angel. If I ever was, it must have been so long ago that there's no harm in forgetting it. Now I only prize the reputation of being a gentlemanly person and live as I can, trying to make myself agreeable. I love men genuinely, I've been greatly calumniated! Here when I stay with you from time to time, my life gains a kind of reality and that's what I like most of all. You see, like you, I suffer from the fantastic and so I love the realism of earth. Here, with you, everything is circumscribed, here all is formulated and

geometrical, while we have nothing but indeterminate equations! I wander about here dreaming, I like dreaming. Besides, on earth I become superstitious. Please don't laugh, that's just what I like, to become superstitious. I adopt all your habits here: I've grown fond of g o i n g to the public baths, would you believe it? And I go and steam myself with merchants and priests. What I dream of is becoming incarnate once for all and irrevocably in the form of some merchant's wife weighing eighteen stone, and of believing all she believes. My ideal is to go to church and offer a candle in simple-hearted faith, upon my word it is. Then there would be an end to my sufferings." (p. 776)

This is a piercing description of the state of a fallen spirit who has separated himself from God, and thus has precipitated himself towards nothingness, without ever being able to attain it; who plunges into self-annihilation without being able to finally destroy himself; a spirit that is divided by his former ego—despairing, drunk with desire, and at the same time invincibly sceptical.

He hints at the idea of God, and that a total self-donation to Him in a triumphant hosanna would be salvation. It would be the ransom of negation, the return to God, that is, to being and happiness. But immediately he encloses himself in his inner negation, ironically making this very negation a principle of existence, which has as its consequences the abolition of the distinction between good and evil, the dishonoring of creation, and the accusation of God: "I have naturally a kind and merry heart... Before time was, by some decree which I could never make out, I was predestined 'to deny' and yet I am genuinely good-hearted and not at all inclined to negation. 'No, you must go and deny, without denial there's no criticism and what would a journal be without a column of criticism?' Without criticism it would be nothing but one 'hosannah.' But nothing but hosannah is not enough for life, the hosannah must be tried in the crucible of doubt, and so on, in the same style. But I don't meddle in that, I didn't create it, I am not answerable for it. Well, they've chosen their scapegoat, they've made me write the column of criticism and so life was made possible. We understand that comedy; I, for instance, simply ask for annihilation. No, live, I am told, for there'd be nothing without you. If everything in the world were sensible, nothing would happen. There would be no events without you, and there must be events. So against the grain I serve to produce events and do what's irrational because I am commanded to. For all their indisputable intelligence, men take this farce as something serious, and that is t h e i r tragedy. They suffer, of course... but then they live, they live a real life, not a fantastic one, for suffering is life. Without suffering, what would be the pleasure of it? It would be transformed into an endless church service; it would be holy, but tedious. But what about me? I suffer, but still, I don't live. I am an *x* in an indeterminate equation. I am a sort of phantom in life who has lost all beginning and end, who has even forgotten his own name. You are laughing—no, you are not laughing, you are angry again. You are for ever angry, all you care about is intelligence, but I repeat again that I would give away all this super-stellar life, all the ranks and honors, simply to be transformed into the

soul of a merchant's wife weighing eighteen stone and set candles at God's shrine." (pp. 780-1)

Later on: "Mephistopheles declared to Faust that he desired evil, but did only good. Well, he can say what he likes, it's quite the opposite with me. I am perhaps the one man in all creation who loves the truth and genuinely desires good. I was there when the Word, who died on the Cross, rose up into Heaven bearing on his bosom the soul of the penitent thief. I heard the glad shrieks of the cherubim singing and shouting hosannah and the thunderous rapture of the seraphim which shook heaven and all creation, and I swear to you by all that's sacred, I longed to join the choir and shout hosannah with them all. The word had almost escaped me, had almost broken from my lips... you know how susceptible and aesthetically impressionable I am. But common sense—oh, a most unhappy trait in my character—kept me in due bounds and I let the moment pass! For what would have happened, I reflected, what would have happened after my hosannah? Everything on earth would have been extinguished at once and no events would have occurred. And so, solely from a sense of duty and my social position, I was forced to suppress the good moment and to stick to my nasty task. Somebody takes all the credit of what's good for himself,[10] and nothing but nastiness is left for me. But I don't envy the honor of a life of idle imposture, I am not ambitious. Why am I, of all creatures in the world, doomed to be cursed by all decent people and even to be kicked, for if I put on mortal form I am bound to take such consequences sometimes? I know, of course, there's a secret in it, but they won't tell me the secret for anything, for then perhaps, seeing the meaning of it, I might bawl hosannah, and the indispensable minus would disappear at once, and good sense would reign supreme throughout the whole world. And that, of course, would mean the end of everything, even of magazines and newspapers, for who would take them in?" (pp. 787-8)

Ivan is in a state of terrible excitement: "it's I, *I myself speaking, not you.* Only I don't know whether I was dreaming last time or whether I really saw you. I'll wet a towel and put it on my head and perhaps you'll vanish into air." (p. 774)

A bitter duel takes place. Ivan wishes to get the better of his disturbing visitor and to know his origin: "You are a lie, you are my illness, you are a phantom... You are my hallucination. You are the incarnation of myself, but only of one side of me... of my thoughts and feelings, but only the nastiest and stupidest of them. From that point of view you might be of interest to me, if only I had time to waste on you..." (p. 775) For his part the devil multiplies arguments in order to prove to Ivan that in spite of everything he really does believe in him. But at the same time, he constantly shows his own satanic reality as uncertain, as an *x* quantity, and in this way places in question what he suggests to Ivan: "Well, that's how it is now, though I am your hallucination, yet just as in a nightmare, I say original things which had not entered your head before. So I don't repeat your ideas, yet I am only your nightmare, nothing more." (p. 777)

And again: " 'From the violence with which you deny my experience," laughed the gentleman, "I am convinced that you believe in me.'

'Not in the slightest! I haven't a hundredth part of a grain of faith in you!'

'But you have the thousandth of a grain. Homeopathic doses perhaps are the strongest. Confess that you have faith even to the ten-thousandth of a grain.'

'Not for one minute,' cried Ivan furiously. 'But I should like to believe in you,' he added strangely.

'Aha! There's an admission! But I am good-natured. I'll come to your assistance again. Listen, it was I caught you, not you me. I told you your anecdote you'd forgotten, on purpose, so as to destroy your faith in me completely.'[11]

'You are lying. The object of your visit is to convince me of your existence.'

'Just so. But hesitation, suspense, conflict, between belief and disbelief—is sometimes such torture to a conscientious man, such as you are, that it's better to hang oneself at once. Knowing that you are inclined to believe in me, I administered some disbelief by telling you that anecdote. I lead you to belief and disbelief by turns, and I have my motive in it. It's the new method. As soon as you disbelieve in me completely, you'll begin assuring me to my face that I am not a dream but a reality. I know you. Then I shall have attained my object, which is an honorable one. I shall sow in you only a tiny grain of faith[12] and it will grow into an oak-tree—and such an oak-tree that, sitting on it, you will long to enter the ranks of 'the hermits in the wilderness and the saintly women,' for that is what you are secretly longing for. You'll dine on locusts, you'll wander into the wilderness to save your soul.'

'Then it's for the salvation of my soul you are working, is it, you scoundrel?'

'One must do a good work sometimes. How ill-humored you are!' " (pp. 784-5)

All masks are falling . . .! It is Ivan's secret soul which is haranguing him through the mouth of his visitor.

Soon everything will end in a chaos in which the morbid and the healthy, the lie and the truth, wickedness and horror, will be mingled.

Here then is this titanic spirit, which can manage interplanetary space and trillions of years, but in which at the same time burns the desire of entering the bourgeois existence of a merchant's wife, including her superstitious faith. This is the sceptical and impious superman, who presents evil as a necessary factor in the evolution of the world, and with a tragic cynicism, inserts his despair into the structure of being, since for him it is the only means of existence. In such a surprisingly idealistic Satan, a lackey[13] is hidden, who holds him tightly. For the visitor is a parasite; the spirit of old Fyodor, which is not dead in Ivan, does not seem far off. There is something here somewhere which strikes a f a l s e note, a mixture of arrogance and vanity. Ivan knows this. And if Satanism already represents the most infamous dishonor for man, a piercing bitterness is added to it in the fact that Ivan feels that the appeal is being made to the lackey in him. This is what makes him so angry! There is in his soul an ardent thirst for redemption, but something in him prevents him from doing more than approaching it, and from carrying out his true wish and achieving reality. At the last moment, the overbearing

spirit of revolt bursts out, and all is lost. In his soul the aspiration to "the eternal alleluia," that is, the deliverance from all evil and sinfulness by the great gift of love in the divine mystery, exists alongside of a total refusal of this aspiration, a hardening coldness in an outraged rejection of the present world (which nevertheless does not exclude the secret and voluptuous desire that it should not change, because it makes revolt, with its attendant delight, possible). There is in all this a disposition to believe which will never reach the condition of real faith, and a disbelief which will never pronounce the definitive "No"; an aspiration, hidden, but yet serious, to the l i f e of the hermits and holy women, and at the same time the shameless filth of the confessional scene.

It is obvious that a debilitating and total confusion reigns in Ivan's soul. Yes, "Ivan is an enigma"—"Ivan is a tomb."

All this ought to be considered quite thoroughly before setting up such an individual in any simple manner as a champion of Christianity as against an anti-Christian Rome . . .!

As for the terrible alternative in which Ivan struggles, it may be presented in this way: with all his strength he struggles to tear all reality from the horrible thing which is being discussed before him. For the satanic is a phenomenon which is, strictly speaking, insupportable, and against w h i c h man instinctively protects himself. Thus Ivan tries to persuade himself that the visitor is only his own hallucination. Everything then will disappear. But when the visitor says, "Confess that you have f a i t h even to the ten-thousandth of a grain," Ivan, who had first replied in total indignation, "Not for one minute," nevertheless adds, "But I should l i k e to believe in you." In this admission there is something like the vague nostalgia of a faith. But what is especially important is that if the visitor is really only Ivan's own hallucination, it is then in the victim himself that all the horror of the vision is concentrated! It is really he who poses the relativity of good and evil, who encloses himself in his despair through his bad will, it is he who is satanic! Here the divinely inspired word of Alyosha can be seen in all its force: " 'It was not you who killed father, not you . . . God has put it into my heart to say this to you, even though it may make you hate me from this hour.' " This hatred was not long in coming: " 'Alexey Fyodorovitch . . . I break off all relations with you from this moment and probably for ever.' " (pp. 732-3)

We have already inquired about the meaning of this hatred. Alyosha has said: it is not you who have decided, in your own satanic autonomy. It is not you who, by walling yourself in evil, has been the original cause of the crime. This is the same as saying that you are not the Grand Inquisitor, who hardened both in revolt and despair, tears the world from the hands of God in order to dispose of good and evil. If you were that, then surely you would have satanic thoughts. But that is not you; you are not a superman at all! You are only a poor mortal, seduced by the devil and dragged into sin. Here is the admission which would mean deliverance from all "titanism" and would open the way to repentance, but it is precisely against this that Ivan stiffens. Salvation by the renunciation of self must pass the crucial point: that humil-

ity which is truth. But this proud and desperate man will not accept this; he would prefer to perish!

Alyosha nevertheless returns, when the vision has vanished. He comes to announce that Smerdyakov has hung himself, and Ivan, half out of his senses after the scene that he has just undergone, instinctively seeks refuge near his brother.

Alyosha is perfectly aware of what this night represents, from the spiritual point of view. It could lead to his brother's final despair and death. The visitor had suggested it and Ivan himself feels the danger: " 'No, I shan't hang myself' "—that is, like Smerdyakov. " 'Do you know, I can never commit suicide, Alyosha. Is it because I am base? I am not a coward. Is it from love of life? How did I know that Smerdyakov had hanged himself? Yes, it was *he* who told me so.' " Actually, *he* had said nothing at all about it. But Ivan has perceived the consequence, which still obsesses him at this moment.

The terrible alternative again presents itself:

> "I love your face, Alyosha. Did you know that I loved your face? And *he* is myself, Alyosha. All that's b a s e in me, all that's mean and contemptible. Yes, I am a romantic, He guessed it . . . He told me a great deal that was true about myself, though. I should never have owned it to myself. Do you know, Alyosha," Ivan added in an intensely earnest and confidential tone, "I should be awfully glad to think that it was *he* and not I."
>
> "He has worn you out," said Alyosha, looking compassionately at his brother.
>
> "He's been teasing me. And you k n o w he does it so cleverly, so cleverly. 'Conscience! What is conscience? I make it up for myself. Why am I tormented by it? From habit. From the universal habit of mankind for the last seven thousand years. So let us give it up, and we shall be gods.' It was he who said that!"
>
> Immediately Alyosha says the healing word: "And not you, not you!" Alyosha could not help crying, looking frankly at his brother. "Never mind him, anyway; have done with him and forget him."
>
> The most intimate nerve has been exposed. Pride is held tight to a sense of inferiority in a desperate grip:
>
> "Yes, but he is spiteful. He laughed at me. He was impudent, Alyosha," Ivan said, with a shudder of offense. "But he was unfair to me, unfair to me about a lot of things. He told lies about me to my face. 'Oh, you are going to perform an act of heroic virtue: to confess you murdered your father, that the valet m u r d e r e d him at your instigation . . .' "
>
> "It's you that say that, not he," exclaimed Alyosha mournfully, "and you said it because you are ill and delirious, tormenting yourself."
>
> "No, he knows what he says. 'You are going from pride,' he says. 'You'll stand up and say it was I who killed him, and why do you writhe with horror? You are lying! I despise your opinion, I despise your horror!' He said that about me. 'And do you know that you are longing for their praise—"He is a criminal, a murderer, but w h a t a generous soul, he wanted to save his brother and he confessed." 'You'll go because you won't dare not to go. Why don't you dare? You must guess that for yourself. That's a riddle for you!' He got up and went away. You came and he went. He called me a coward, Alyosha! *Le mot de l'énigme* is that I am a coward.' "

Everything starts all over; again hate bursts out:

"'You are going in order to be praised.' That's a brutal lie. And you despise me too, Alyosha. Now I am going to hate you again. And I hate the monster, too...![14] Let him rot in Siberia! He's begun singing a hymn! Oh, tomorrow I'll go, stand before them, and spit in their faces!" (pp. 794-5-6)

We recognize the theme of the "Grand Inquisitor" and the conversations in the room at the inn: the non-Euclidean aspect of the world... its deeply wounded nature, the uncertainty of the relation between God and it... the necessity—which has been resolved once and for all—of evil in the world... the aspiration to the great sanctity of the hermits and the virgins... the rejection of the final Alleluia... the despair of a soul which cannot believe in the Redemption, and yet is aware that it is lost...

The Meaning of the Legend

HAS not the authentic meaning of the legend become clearer? On the surface, the "Grand Inquisitor" is an attack on "Rome" in favor of pure Christianity, a religion of the spirit of liberty and of love. At bottom, it is a definitive unveiling of several interrelated lives—those of Ivan, his father and his brothers. But the "Karamazov brothers"—Dmitri, Ivan, Alyosha, Smerdyakov, with their father Fyodor, and their mothers Adelaide Ivanovna, Sofya Ivanovna, and Lizaveta Smerdyastchaya (what a line!), taken together may be said to represent the human family. Yes, it is man that is being depicted, with both his grandeur and his misery, with both his luminous and his darker aspects—with the latter more evident. What happens to this family, happens to all! And in this trial—which takes up half the book—who then is the accused? It is man. And who is the accuser? Man. Who is the defense attorney, who is the witness, and finally, who is the judge?—it is man each time. What happens is what must happen when men set themselves up as judges: judicial error. It is a stupefying error, for they had only to examine the wound to know immediately whether or not Dmitri could have used the murder weapon. Nevertheless, instead of that we are given hudreds of pages of ethical and psychological dissertations!

The "Grand Inquisitor" is the story of Ivan and his family: the story of man, of the human family.

The Legend and the Unity of the Novel

If the reader has not lost the thread—which may by now have become rather tangled—of our demonstration, he will be able to judge whether or not our conclusions ought to be credited.

We believe strongly that the polemical meeting of the legend does not contain what is most personal to it. An attack of the Eastern Church against Rome is certainly included in it. The fact that this attack is delivered by someone who in the final analysis believes in nothing, and whose intervention in favor of his Church—in the article previously mentioned—was judged a mockery, would not constitute a serious objection for Dostoyevsky; on the

contrary, by this means the attack on Rome and Catholic Christianity would be left in suspense, indicating the fragility of human judgments.

But the ensemble of the novel shows clearly that this obvious and banal interpretation of the legend cannot be its true meaning, because the Church does not play any role in the book. On the other hand, when we take the care to observe all the human relationships that have just been brought to light, it certainly seems that the legend enters the basic web of the whole work.

These connections between characters are fundamental. We see the proof of this in the fact that the only auditor of Ivan's discourse, Alyosha, scarcely notices the polemical meaning of the poem, but reacts with agony and intensity to the inner revelation of Ivan which is contained in it.

With Ivan, the fundamental disposition that is found in all Dostoyevsky's characters from the peasants to the most saintly of men, and which is present in such an exceptional being as Alyosha, is finally destroyed. Ivan has separated himself from it. He has chosen as the basis of his existence his individual reason and his subjective will. He no longer has any contact with the people; and it is because of this that he lowers himself to the level of such a monstrous figure as Smerdyakov. Ivan has also lost all contact with the fertile earth; that is why nature, whose power he feels, for him becomes either an astronomical system, or the "earth-force" in the hands of the devil. No relationship is either necessary to him any longer, or precious, and this should explain how an idea like the non-acceptance of the world can be born in him.

As for his religious position, it cannot represent anything but an attachment that is linked to a long tradition, dependent on a whole sociological and cultural system, as well as varied psychic ties, against which he defends himself with all his strength. The spontaneity of the relationship with God which the common people realize has become impossible for him. Perhaps an effort of good will, hard work, the gift of one's self, sacrifice, might join him again to God on another level of existence, but he refuses this effort, without, however, being able to pronounce a categorical no. His negation is not timid enough to simply fall flat, like that of Ratikin, nor is it simple and profound enough to attain the fervor of that of Kirilov.

In addition we must remember the complex personality, divided by a thousand conflicts, of a young man who has never really had a childhood, and in addition has not yet reached a man's maturity. This results in the false position of someone who believes in God but who "cannot accept creation," that is, the position of a total rebel.

In practice this revolt is translated into existence with particular intensity. Discords and antinomies, which can lead, in the thread of concrete life, to real illness, find their expression in the solution of the philosophic and religious problem; for its part the problem is only fully present in daily life.

Through this figure of Ivan we see revealed several of the crises of conscience and religious thought which were prevalent throughout the 19th century, and whose final consequences our age seems to be drawing.[15]

Translated by SALLY S. CUNNEEN

[1] The first among them was Vladimir Solovyov, a great friend of Dostoyevsky. Towards the end of his life, while Solovyov was still a young man, they spent six months together in the famous Optima Pustin monastery, near Moscow, to study Russian Monasticism. The fruit of these studies was the figure of Zossima in *The Brothers Karamazov;* Alyosha was probably the portrait of the young Solovyov himself. Solovyov was later drawn to Catholicism, without surrendering the qualities of penetration and fullness of Eastern Christianity. Thus he was in the position to make a criticism of Catholicism from the point of view of the East, and he did it with far greater competence than Dostoyevsky. Cf. his selected writings, *Monarchia sancti Petri* (Mayence, 1928), and *Russia and the Universal Church* (London: Geoffrey Bles).

[2] These lines were written before I came across Freud's study on Dostoyevsky and parricide, and before I asked myself whether it was permissible to interpret any text in this way.

[3] A detailed study would generally be able to show how the uncertainty of personal attitude, divided between inferiority and self-sufficiency, servility and revolt, tyranny and geniality, is a very important "key" for the understanding of Dostoyevsky's characters.

[4] This is Raskolnikov's whole problem.

[5] It would be doing violence to Dostoyevsky to convert his work into dialectical theology. His thought is not Germanic enough for that. We should nevertheless understand that the thought of Kierkegaard and his successors is not "specifically Christian" but "specifically Nordic." The formula: the fact that Ivan speaks in doubt and revolt shows that he knows who God is, that is, that we cannot know anything about him, does not correspond to the Russian notion of Dostoyevsky, who remains in the tradition of the idea of glorification. We cannot see in Ivan the first appearance of the doctrine of "paradox," but only the revolt of man against God. It is Nietzche and not Kierkegaard who can give us the formula in this case.

[6] What is insulting is that Smerdyakov demands a crime from him, and especially the fact that Ivan feels that he himself hands over the right to do this. Because of the "lackey" in his soul, he becomes like the servant, and the latter is aware of it.

[7] He is apprehensive about the action that he is expecting; that is, he commands or at least he permits it. There is a burst of conscience that has remained alive; nevertheless, he dreams of being "Napoleon" or the "Grand Inquisitor." By this means, he will realize this ascension toward the condition of superman to which he aspires. Then why these fears? They are precisely the proof that he over-estimates himself, that he is only a vulgar "moralist," and this "debases" him.

[8] He is waiting for the murderer.

[9] In fact this cold objectivity is worse than hatred. By it man places himself beyond all pity, and crosses over to the level of the superman. It is perhaps by this impassible objectivity that Ivan most closely resembles that superman, the Grand Inquisitor.

[10] It is God who is being aimed at here.

[11] And in order to make you fall more surely into my power.

[12] A "faith" that must be considered with care! It is a pseudo-faith whose violence masks intimate doubt; an asceticism without love; an austerity without purity of heart; a mysticism without the discernment of spirits: a lying world which includes all the elements of an authentic Christian life, but they are all inverted.

[13] One question may be raised in passing: is the superman able to be aware of the danger that he is running of becoming depersonalized? Every theorician or protagonist of the superman—whether he places himself beyond good and evil, or whether he be a partisan of the deification of man, or something else—is he not tortured by the consciousness of his inferiority? Does the man who enjoys his power in a peaceful manner become subject to this humiliating reminder? The hybrid character and this weakness, the obscuring of frontiers and the indetermination of personal attitudes, are they such different phenomena? Personal clarity and purity of strength immediately bring about a humility of being, a humility which is, finally, only the truth which has been seized by the heart.

[14] His brother Dmitri.

[15] Guardini links Ivan to *fin de siecle* romanticism, estheticism, and immoralism, to the early Kierkegaard and especially to Nietzche, in Chapter 6, in which he discusses Kirilov and Stavroguin. (Tr.)

NOTES on other Publications

THE POLITICAL-CULTURAL SCENE

1

Understanding Europe (Sheed and Ward). This new book of Christopher Dawson renews his basic theme that the vitality and unity of Western civilization is founded on its religious culture and that the divorce of its external life from its spiritual foundations has resulted in its threatened collapse. Analyzing the historic development and expansion of Europe and its present crisis with great learning and insight, he points the need of a fuller understanding of the nature of Europe and of the tradition of Christian culture which has informed it. Dawson is critical of a secularized and nationalized educational pattern which has obscured historical reality and has deprived western man of his cultural inheritance. Dawson's book brings to mind Hajo Holborn's *The Political Collapse of Europe* (Knopf), a more limited study of the breakdown of the once self-contained and world-dominating European states system. This informed and intelligent analysis deals with Europe's eclipse almost solely in terms of international politics. The diplomatic crisis needs close scrutiny, but it cannot be adequately studied *in vacuo*. Max Beloff's excellent article, "Historians in a Revolutionary Age" (FOREIGN AFFAIRS, January 1951), stressed this point and admonished historians to take into account the moral disintegration underlying the international anarchy of the 20th century. His article can well serve to relate Holborn's study—and much similar political analysis—to the profound insights of Dawson.

2

"What is History?" Ian Hislop contributes a succinct and thoughtful article on this subject in the November BLACKFRIARS, emphasizing the importance of the thought behind the recorded event. Paul Ricoeur's "Christianity and the Meaning of History" was translated in the October JOURNAL OF RELIGION. An able review-article of considerable American and Continental literature on the meaning of history appeared in CHURCH HISTORY (No. 2, 1952): E. Harris Harbison's "The 'Meaning of History' and the Writing of History."

3

History in the Making. One virtue of the world-wide political ferment may be to rid us, once and for all, of our provincial tendency to limit the world to the western European-Atlantic community. To make up for our ignorance on Indo-China, we will be glad to have such recent works as Philippe Deviller's *Histoire du Viet-Nam de 1940 à 1952,* and Paul Mus' *Viet-Nam, Sociologie d'une guerre* (Seuil). The new issue of PRÉSENCE AFRICAINE may also help in filling a general void: its subject is "Le Travail en Afrique Noire"; it is a collective work, but with continuity and an amazing degree of unity. Richard-Molard presented "Propositions pour l'Afrique" in the July ESPRIT;

the August-September issue was devoted to French Canada. A helpful background article on "The Crisis in South Africa", by Z. K. Matthews, appeared in two issues of CHRISTIANITY AND CRISIS, beginning with the November 10th number. The author would seem to indicate that the gradualist approach, which is generally considered the liberal point of view—as, for example, announced by the Catholic Bishops in SOUTHERN CROSS—while resolutely condemning the principle of racial discrimination, is yet inadequate: "It is the failure of the liberals in South Africa to distinguish between a policy based on removable factors and one based on factors beyond the control of the individual which is responsible for the ever-widening gulf between them and the non-white groups." He concludes with an account of the campaign of non-violence led by the African National Congress.

4

Also noted. Merle Miller's *The Judges and the Judged* (Doubleday) is a report, sponsored by the American Civil Liberties Union, on the mischief caused by publications of the RED CHANNELS and COUNTER-ATTACK variety. *The McCarthy Record,* published by the Wisconsin Citizens' Committee on McCarthy's Record, should also prove of value for those who wish to combat Communism without overturning our democratic system. Chester G. Starr's "The Perfect Democracy of the Roman Empire" (THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW, October) is an essay in political semantics with an ironical title; it traces the shift in meaning of the Roman term, *libertas,* as Rome herself passed from a republic to an absolute dictatorship.

The October VIE INTELLECTUELLE contained M. Crubellier's "La guerre, sociologie et histoire"; the November issue was noteworthy for F. Perroux's "De l'avarice des nations à une economie du genre humain." The August FRANKFURTER HEFTE included Heinrich Bauer's "Schulen et Reformen," as well as Walter Dirks' "Die Aufklärung—das unvollendete Geschäft." Martin Buber's "Hoffnung Für diese Stunde" appeared in the August MERQUR, and the June UNIVERSITAS included Helmut Thielicke's "Bildung als Begegnung mit der Wahrheit." The June SOCIAL ORDER included Wilfrid Parsons' "The Social Teaching of the American Hierarchy."

5

Literature: some new novels. Ernest Hemingway, once the idol of *avant-garde* literary circles, has fared badly among the critics during the past decade. Epithets such as "tired" and "written-out" have been prominent in recent appraisals, and it must be admitted that it is some time since Hemingway has produced a book worthy of his talents. His most recent novelette, *The Old Man and the Sea* (Scribner's), should do much to dispel the adverse criticism. It is not only Hemingway at his best, but is one of the most perfectly-wrought gems of short fiction in modern literature. An austerely-told tale, it has some of the qualities of pure myth—man discovering brotherhood in violence, triumph in defeat. We have no other novelist who can cope with a spiritual adventure in this simplicity which is bred of mastery.

The Man on a Donkey, by H. F. M. Prescott (Macmillan) is a long historical novel set against the background of the Pilgrimage of Grace. Unlike the authors of most historical novels, Miss Prescott is a trained historian, and her book is at once a moving novel and an illuminating canvas of an important aspect of Reformation history. Her work is comparable in scope and success to Sigrid Undset's medieval novels, or to Helen Waddell's *Peter Abelard*.

Henri Queffelec's *Island Priest* (Dutton), perhaps already known to moviegoers as *God Needs Men*, is his first novel to be published in America. He communicates a sense of the common people's obscure longing for contact with God's action in the crucial points of their lives. The book is written in a sober realism, and solidly constructed; the spectacular is not confused with the supernatural, and the story never dissolves into amateur theology.

The news that Francois Mauriac had received this year's Nobel Prize for Literature arrived with the publication of his new novel, *The Loved and the Unloved* (Pellegrini), which seems, however, only like a repetition of his earlier work. There is the same control of the material, the same mastery of form, but despite the artistry one is reminded at the end of the limitation of his range. The Postcript would indicate that Mauriac still feels a necessity to justify his vocation as a novelist, but that he has made no advance either as a novelist, or in stating the problem of the "Catholic novelist," since *The Desert of Love* and *God and Mammon*; he is certainly not convincing when he tells us that his hero is headed towards an encounter with the divine just at the close of the novel.

Great French Short Novels (ed. Dupee, Dial) is an unusual collection, notable both for the high level of its translations, and for the fact that it makes available in English some materials that are not easily located. Stendhal, Flaubert, D'Aurevilly, Malraux, Zola, Morand, Vigny, and Diderot are among the authors represented.

6

Criticism. A good commentary on Aeschylus' *Agamemnon* was offered by A. Maddalena in the July, 1951 FILOSOFIA. The problem discussed is the nature of guilt in the characters involved in the tragedy and of the operation of what is called "the world of unjust justice in which wrong-doing is fated to be punished and punishment itself held guilty. In this world man is both guilty and not guilty; therein lies his m i s e r y; as well as his suffering and wretchedness."

Friedrich Schürr discussed the idea of freedom in Cervantes in QUADERNOS HISPANOAMERICANOS (Nov.-Dec. 1950). In the last analysis Cervantes was concerned with interior freedom, for which he himself had struggled during a life-time of disillusionment. Schürr believes that the spiritual freedom of an autonomous moral personality was achieved by Cervantes' humor, in which alone is eased the tension between the extreme claims made on man.

Melville's Quarrel with God (Princeton), by Lawrence Thompson, suffers all the disabilities of the genetic fallacy in literature, while assuredly retaining

its inventiveness and imagination. It attempts to demonstrate the thesis that beneath Melville's apparent passion for religious truth, there is an equally profound repudiation of his indigenous Calvinistic theology. The thesis has merit but it is pressed to the limit. One tends to forget that metaphysical analysis offers dim prospects when the text is as rich and imaginative as *Moby Dick.*

Also noted: Students of Dostoyevsky will be grateful to the Noonday Press for publishing *Freedom and the Tragic Life,* an uneven but illuminating study . . . Pantheon has brought out the Claudel-Gide correnspondence, and Random House has published a full-length study of Faulkner by Irving Howe.

7

Camus-vs.-Sartre. One of the most discussed books of the past year in France was Albert Camus' *L'homme revolté* (Gallimard). Its chief concern is stated in the opening paragraph:

> There are crimes of passion and crimes of logic. An uncertain boundary separates them. But the Penal Code conveniently uses premeditation to distinguish them. We are living in the age of premeditation and the perfect crime. Our criminals are no longer those defenseless children for whom love was an excuse. On the contrary, they are adults, and their alibi is irrefutable: it is a philosophy which serves every purpose and even changes murderers into judges.

In *Le Mythe de Sisyphe* suicide was the main preoccupation; now in his latest philosophical essay Camus has come to consider murder the most crucial problem confronting modern man. "Thirty years ago before deciding to kill, a man had to reject a great deal in society, and perhaps had even come to the point of rejecting himself by suicide . . . Today ideology only rejects others. It is only then that one kills." The important thing today is to know how to conduct oneself in a world where "le crime se raisonne"—in a world "removed from the sacred, and its absolute values."

For Camus the basis of any rule of conduct in such a world must be man's revolt—this affirmation of a purely human value in face of a seemingly cosmic conspiracy to deny it. This *homme revolté* rejects the world of the sacred in which the problem of the conflict between man and the world has been solved in a tradition whose reply was grace; nevertheless, this revolt against an order which oppresses him and does not recognize his inherent worth, his refusal to accept any but human answers to the questions he puts to the world, is at the same time an affirmation of an absolute value inherent to human nature. Camus explains that this is more than a mere personal revolt; it is at the basis of the solidarity of mankind. Any revolt which denies or destroys the value of others is meaningless.

The book was bitterly attacked in a review by Francis Jeanson in the June Temps Modernes, and the August issue contains a reply by Camus, as well as Sartre's further attack, backing up the reviewer. It is difficult to determine how much of the hostile reaction was due to the use to which the book

may have been put in certain rightist circles rather than to the argument itself. At any rate, both Jeanson and Sartre accuse Camus of trying to escape "history," and in effect of cooperating with a monolithic anti-Communist bloc. Neither Sartre nor Jeanson are Communist themselves, but they feel that in this concrete political moment—such as in Indo-China or North Africa—only the Communists are effectively presenting an attitude which is in accordance with the advance of "history."

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

1

Persecution and the Art of Writing (Free Press), by Leo Strauss, studies the great philosophic productions of Maimonides, Jehudah Halevi, and Spinoza. It is Strauss' thesis that these works must be read with an essentially ambivalent critical eye, trained both to the esoteric doctrine designed for the instruction of the few, and the exoteric teaching introduced as an instrument of social cohesion and natural law. These studies of medieval Hebrew philosophy are impressive, but their perspective is sometimes narrow.

Translations of works by the late great Russian philosopher, Nicolas Berdyaev, are fortunately not at end, but the latest (*The Beginning and the End*, Harper) emphasizes the extreme nature of some of his positions. Relying on formal philosophical knowledge more than most of Berdyaev's books, the analysis of metaphysical ideas centers on Kant. His criticism of rationalism leads him to place truth on the side of spirit alone, and he is brought to write, "God was not the Creator of this fallen world. He does not act and he is not present in plague and cholera." The positive value of his personalist, Augustinian approach is evident in his trenchant criticism of vast abstractions like Race, State, and Patriotism, and his understanding of the distinction between the collective and the community.

2

The Philosophical implications of Science. This is a subject about which much has been written though little has been said: scientists have speculated recklessly on philosophical problems and too often philosophers have been uniformed about science. In *Philosophy of Nature* (Philosophical Library)—a somewhat awkward translation of the 1935 French edition—Jacques Maritain has written a suggestive exploratory statement of the basic methodological problems involved in the study of nature. He proposes that this study be conducted by means of a two-fold analysis, empirological or scientific on the one hand, ontological or philosophical on the other. Despite the value of this pioneering effort, Maritain's book is weak in the specifically scientific sphere.

C. F. von Weizsäcker's *The World View of Physics* (Chicago) is an exceptional achievement, both accurately informed and profoundly meditated. It situates science in the concrete historical context of human culture. Scien-

tific knowledge is pre-eminently contemplative and deeply personal; it is an affair of the whole man and a commitment to total experience. Historic-scientific necessity has pressed the person, alien to the investigative procedures of classical physics, into the very center of modern methodological practises and has made science without man utterly impossible. Nature is not a closed and static system of objective, sensibly verifiable phenomena, passively impressed on man-the-spectator; it is rather an open and dynamic process, mathematically, i.e. non-sensibly, verifiable and knowable by the creative cognition of man-the-actor. The inexhaustible content of nature, both physical and spiritual, excites man to a perennial search for the divine mind which is structured in the very heart of nature; essentially freedom, risk, quest for the unknown, neither naively restricted to sensible phenomena nor totally removed from concrete references, science finds its moving force in the realm of possibles, in the inventive postulation of symbolic correlates to actual objects. In discussing the structural elements in scientific knowledge von Weizsächer draws on Kantian categories and, with critical reservations, argues that empirical knowledge is the unfolding of *a priori* possibilities, that it explains afterwards what has been previously assumed. Some very fruitful ideas on the structure and meaning of symbolism are worked out in chapter V, 'The Infinity of the World —a study of the symbolical element in natural science.' For von Weizsächer science is not only fact and sign; it is at once attitude and symbol. Scientific theory is itself as much a product of individual research as of prevailing cultural attitudes which condition and provoke scientific investigation. Out of context from the Greek world view, Greek science is unintelligible; and with the revelation by Christianity of the category of the infinite, science received a warrant and motive for unending search and research. The whole of nature is a vast web of symbolic references to the divine center: "The man who investigates nature is thinking again God's thought at creation." The range of subjects discussed include the Law of Conservation of Energy, efficient and final causality, perception and perceptibility, the Atomic Theory of modern physics, etc.

Werner Heisenberg, the brilliant physicist responsible for the 'principle of indeterminacy,' has collected some of his lectures in a book, *Philosophic Implications of Nuclear Science* (Pantheon). Heisenberg understands science as a theoretical response to Truth and a needed source of unity among men. Like von Weizsächer, he discusses the implications for philosophy and science of the methodological shift from classical to atomic physics with the consequent ontological transformation of the empirical world of determined and finished events into the contemporary symbolico-empirical world of undetermined and unfinished processes. There are some interesting pages on the historical continuity between Greek science and modern physics, the nexus being the common search for ultimate indivisible material constituents of the universe and belief in objective mathematical structures directive of physical processes. A stimulating justification, both theoretical and historical, of the possible co-existence of qualitative experiences within a quantitative matrix is given in the essay, 'The teachings of Goethe and Newton on color in the light of modern physics.'

3

The Christian in Philosophy (Scribner's). This is a challenging and delicate work by J. V. Langmead Casserley whose central theme is that Christian philosophy is essentially an historico-personalist existentialism rooted in the inexhaustible analogies suggested to the mind by the Bible and nature. The full historicity of man in his meta-historical references carries with it the linguistic and metaphysical exigency of paradox and analogy as the way to both apprehenson and comprehension of the Unique Singular, source and motive of all human experience. Casserley's thesis is worked out very carefully and is supported by a long historical propaedeutic 'The past record of the Christian in philosophy,' which bristles with fruitful hypotheses for understanding the profound continuity between medieval and modern philosophy. St. Augustine and St. Anselm, Vico and Kierkegaard dominate Casserley's elaboration of an analogical metaphysics based on the singular and acutely sensitive to the problem of language. The origin of authentic philosophical and theological speculation is the existential act of self-consciousness with its meta-empirical commitment; it is not philosophy which engenders experience but experience that makes possible and indeed justifies both philosophy and theology. Such is the lesson of St. Anselm's ontological argument, that God is a necessary, unique *primum* which philosophy can only inadequately express or compress within involved dialectical patterns; Casserley's lesson, in turn, is that the Anselmian argument is the necessary existential pre-supposition for any valid metaphysics. *The Christian in Philosophy* has historical breadth, speculative acumen, and lucidity; it ought to be studied with care and meditative attention by all who wish to understand better the place of the Christian in philosophy and of the philosopher in Christianity. Two recent studies that may be read with profit along with Casserley are M. T. Antonelli's experiential interpretation of the ontological argument, 'Il significato del *Proslogium* di Anselmo d'Aosta' in RIVISTA ROSMINIANA (Oct.-Dec., 1951; Jan.-March 1952), and Luigi Pareyson's 'Unita della filosofia' (FILOSOFIA, Jan. 1952).

4

Reason and Anti-Reason in Our Time: (Yale) Karl Jaspers speaks eloquently of the drama of the modern mind. A critique of scientific methodology understood as a warranted, even indispensable, yet incomplete way to the understanding of man and his destiny in history is preparatory to the central thesis, that 'Reason,' a free decision, at once personal and historical, of total commitment to the Transcendent One, makes life meaningful and history bearable.That 'Reason' is not to be confused with disembodied and arrogant intellectualism emerges with great force in the final chapter, 'Reason in its struggle'—against un-Reason, both philosophical and political. Jaspers' dread of 'objectified' experience and reified reason is deeply shared by Gabriel Marcel, whose *Metaphysical Journal* (Regnery) has just been translated by Bernard Wall, with a preface by the author. This is an early work begun some fifteen years before his conversion, and indispensable for the understanding of Marcel's development. His genius for criticism and his courageous intel-

lectuality are everywhere evident in these notes, which should make all readers have greater respect for truth.

5

Love. Reinhold Niebuhr, in the Spring-Summer issue of the JOURNAL OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT, contributed a stimulating article on "Love and Law in Protestantism and Catholicism," discussing recent works by D'Arcy, Nygren and Brunner. His conclusion:

> ...both Catholic and Reformation theory are too certain about the fixities of the norms of law. All law, whether historical, positive, scriptural, or rational, is more tentative and less independent in its authority than orthodox Christianity, whether Catholic or Protestant, supposes, even as it is more necessary than liberal Protestantism assumes. The final dyke against relativism is to be found, not in these alleged fixities, but in the law of love itself.

6

Ecumenicism. One Shepherd: The Problem of Christian Reunion (Kenedy) is an elementary outline of the history of the ecumenical movement by Charles Boyer, S. J., editor of UNITAS. It adds nothing to the now considerable body of literature on the subject. The reader's confidence is not increased by the complete absence of mention of the far more penetrating work by Yves Congar. The most recent issue of the ECUMENICAL REVIEW (No. 3, 1952) contained important material for those wishing to follow the developments at Lund; the Summer issue included Walter Freytag, "Mission and Unity." Also noted: Hans Otto Boehm, "Christentum in der Sowjetunion" (DIE NEUE ORDUNG, August); Adam Fechter, "Weltpolitik des Protestantismus?" (WORT UND WAHRHEIT, July); Olaf Hendrik's, "Het Herenigingsapostolaat" (HET CHRISTELIJK OOSTEN EN HERENIGING, July); Gerhard von Rad, "Typologische Auslegung des Alten Testaments in der Verkündigung (EVANGELISCHE THEOLOGIE, 1/2, 1952); Wolfgang Schweitzer, "Grenzen evangelischer politischer Ethik" (EVANGELISCHE THEOLOGIE, 3, 1952); Hans Stock, "Religionsunterricht in der Krise" (DIE SAMMLUNG, August); and Wasilij Winogradow, "Die russische orthodoxe theologische Wissenschaft als Vertreterin der authentischen Theologie der orthodoxen Kirche Russlands" (MUNCHENER THEOLOGISCHES ZEITSCHRIFT, April).

7

Also noted. The first biography—or rather, collection of biographical data—of the eminent philosopher Edith Stein has been compiled by the prioress of the Cologne Carmel, and published by Sheed and Ward. A chronological selection of reminiscences about its subject, the book is disappointing; we do not get to know Edith Stein very well, but are left curious to find out more by going to her own works, which are being published by Herder in Germany.

P. Demann has brought out a pamhplet, *Le juifs dans la catechèse chrétienne* (Cahiers Sioniens), which should be useful to those in catechetical work who are concerned l e s t certain kinds of doctrinal presentation inadvertently

offer material which anti-Semitism may some day feel it can appropriate. Francis X. Murphy, C.S.S.R. has edited *A Monument to St. Jerome* (Sheed and Ward), which consists of essays by a distinguished panel of scholars, and a foreward by Cardinal Tisserant. It is a fitting companion volume to the earlier *Monument to St. Augustine* (1930). Worthy of particular mention are the articles by Gustave Bardy, Edwin A. Quain, S. J., and M. L. W. Laistner.

The quarterly JUDAISM continues to fulfill its promise of considerable quality. The Summer issue contained a revealing study of religious and secular trends within Jewish Socialism by Abraham Menes; a response to criticism from more orthodox theologians by Dr. Abraham Heschel, who elaborates certain metaphysical and scientific dimensions of the space-time problem which suggest more readily the Biblical attitude toward time than more serenely rationalistic positions; and an analysis by Arthur Cohen of certain inconsistencies in Martin Buber's conception of revelation. Emil Fackenheim's article in the Fall issue on the relation of self-understanding to the search for God was an extremely valuable contribution.

The November COMMENTARY contained an excellent interview and interpretation of the life and work of S. H. Setzer, one of the foremost students of the *Zohar*, the *Book of Light*, whose appearance in 14th century Spain was the most important work of resurgent Jewish mystical theology. There was also a stimulating review by Will Herberg of the current Church-State controversy as it concerns Protestant and Catholic tension over the school situation in the United States at the present time. Herberg's broadsides are boldly delivered against secularist dogmatism, which often—implicitly or explicitly—would deny the right to operate religious schools; however, he is not very optimistic about the possibility of working out any specific program of religious teaching within the public school system.

8

Some new reviews. We are glad to call the attention of our readers to CONFLUENCE, "an international forum," sponsored by the Harvard Summer School, which has been attempting, in its three published issues, to encourage serious discussion between American and European intellectuals on a number of themes, such as "Can contemporary problems be solved by the democratic method?", "The Social Role of Art and Philosophy," and "What are the bases of civilization?". Participants have included Reinhold Niebuhr, Pierre Emmanuel, Massimo Salvadori, André Malraux, William Barrett, Peter Viereck, etc.

A more specialized, but highly important contribution, is the INTERNATIONALE ZEITSCHRIFTENSCHAU FUER BIBELWISSENSCHAFT UND GRENZGEBIETE, edited by Dr. Fridolin Stier, which will keep up with the large flow of biblical scholarship all over the world.

The new ST. VLADIMIR SEMINARY QUARTERLY, modestly inaugurated by the eminent Orthodox scholar George Florovsky, may well be expected to become an important vehicle of Orthodox thought in America. Its first issue contained Metropolitan Leonty's "Problems of the Eastern Orthodox Church in America," and the editor's "Christianity and civilization."

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